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FUNNY

FEB.

PICTURE STORIES

THE ALL-PICTURE MAGAZINE — IN COLORS

THE BROTHERS THREE

They dared the Scourge of the desert

by **WILLIAM EISNER**

TOM DAWSON, Seascout

A salty, thrilling adventure

by **STEVE JUSSEN**

COLORFUL

SMASH

STORIES

by

FILCHOCK

EDWARDS

BASSO

BURESCH



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



Vol. I—No. IV



FEBRUARY, 1937

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(All Stories Complete)

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YELLOW TERRORby CLAIRE S. MOE

A web of intrigue spins itself about a young American and his family in China, the land of the yellow dragon.

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THE BROTHERS 3

BY WILLIAM EISNER

IN THE OFFICE OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION IN FRENCH MORROCCO - A PROMINENT MERCHANT PLEADS -



- BUT I CAN TELL YOU WHERE 'UNOFFICIALLY OF COURSE' - SUCH AID AS YOU SEEK CAN BE FOUND - GO TO THE END OF TOWN - TO A LITTLE HOUSE WITH A SMALL AIR PORT IN THE REAR OF IT - THE OFFICE OF THE BROTHERS THREE -



1



AT THE HOME OF THREE BROTHERS

2



P1

4

- I DOUBT WHETHER ONLY 3 MEN COULD
HANDLE IT - BUT - I'LL EXPLAIN -
ABOUT 25 MILES NORTH OF HERE, IS A
CARAVAN-OWNED BY MY COMPANY-CARRYING
A LOAD OF HERBS - WHICH - SCIENTISTS SAY
MIGHT BE DEVELOPED INTO A VALUABLE
CURE FOR CANCER - - HALF-WAY FROM HERE
IS '**BEN ALI**' WHO PLANS TO INTERCEPT THEM



AND HOLD THE CARGO FOR
RANSOM - WHICH HE KNOWS HE
WILL GET - '**BEN ALI**' MUST
BE STOPPED - THE CARAVAN
MUST REACH - HERE - MORROCCO
IN TIME FOR THE NEXT
BOAT TO AMERICA -

5

- HM - WE'LL TAKE THE JOB
- LET'S SEE NOW - YES
I'VE GOT A PLAN - THERE'S
NO TIME TO WASTE



THERE NOW
'TIS A CINCH



6

7

- FATT'S TAKE THE MACHINE
GUN, A COUPLE OF ROUNDS OF
AMMUNITION - AND WAIT FOR
ME IN THE RUINS OF **ACHID BEY**
- MR. THORMICK - I THINK
YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CARGO
IN TIME - -



8

BARON GET YOUR PLANE
IN SHAPE - MEET ME JUST
OUTSIDE OF **BEN ALI'S** CAMP -
TOMORROW
MORNING!



ACH NUTS!! - 'TIS
A LONG WAY FER ME
TO WALK - I'VE EVER
GIT THE HARD JOBS
WITH PROBABLY NO
FOITIN' T'DO -

IF YOU ARE
SUCCESSFUL. MR.
SMITH, - YOU CAN
NAME YOUR OWN
PRICE - GOOD LUCK!



9



AND SO THE THREE ADVENTURERS SET OUT INTO THE FATHOMLESS DESERT—AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS—

—DUSK—EVENING—NIGHT—
—THEN IN THE DAWN OF THE NEXT MORNING—A LONE HORSE MAN SLOWLY RIDES INTO THE CAMP OF OF THE WARLIKE TRIBE OF '**BENALI**'—
—HE DISMOUNTS—

10

INFORM BEN ALI THAT-I-CAPTAIN SMITH WISH TO SEE HIM—ALONE



11 -ALI- I HAVE COME TO ASK THAT YOU ALLOW THE AMERICAN CARAVAN THRU TO MORROCCO UNHARMED-IT CONTAINS A GREAT MEDICAL CURE FOR STRICKEN PEOPLE



12 HA-HA-AND IF I REFUSE?!
BAH!-COULD YOU STOP ME??
FOOL-WHAT CARE I FOR YOUR STUPID CURES—
THE CARAVAN WILL NOT GET THRU



13

OH YES IT WILL!





14

-I HATE TO CUT
YOUR TENT ALI
-BUT THE
BACK-WAY
OUT IS THE
ONLY WAY-

15 - WITH BEN ALI-SMITH MOUNTS
HIS HORSE AND HEADS FOR THE
OPEN DESERT -

our _____ mo



- THEIR FLIGHT IS SOON DISCOVERED
AND THEY ARE PURSUED -

16 - THERE THEY ARE -
AFTER THEM - AND MAY
ALLAH SLOW HIS FEET



18



17

THEY'RE CATCHING
UP ON US-AH -
THERE'S THE PLANE
- NOW IF I CAN
ONLY MAKE IT -
- NO TIME FOR
HIM TO LAND



P4

—BAH! THE DOGS HAVE ESCAPED US! WE ARE TOO LATE

—NOT YET —BY ALLAH—THEY HEAD FOR THE RUINS OF **AHMID BEY** — WE'LL OVERTAKE THEM THERE —



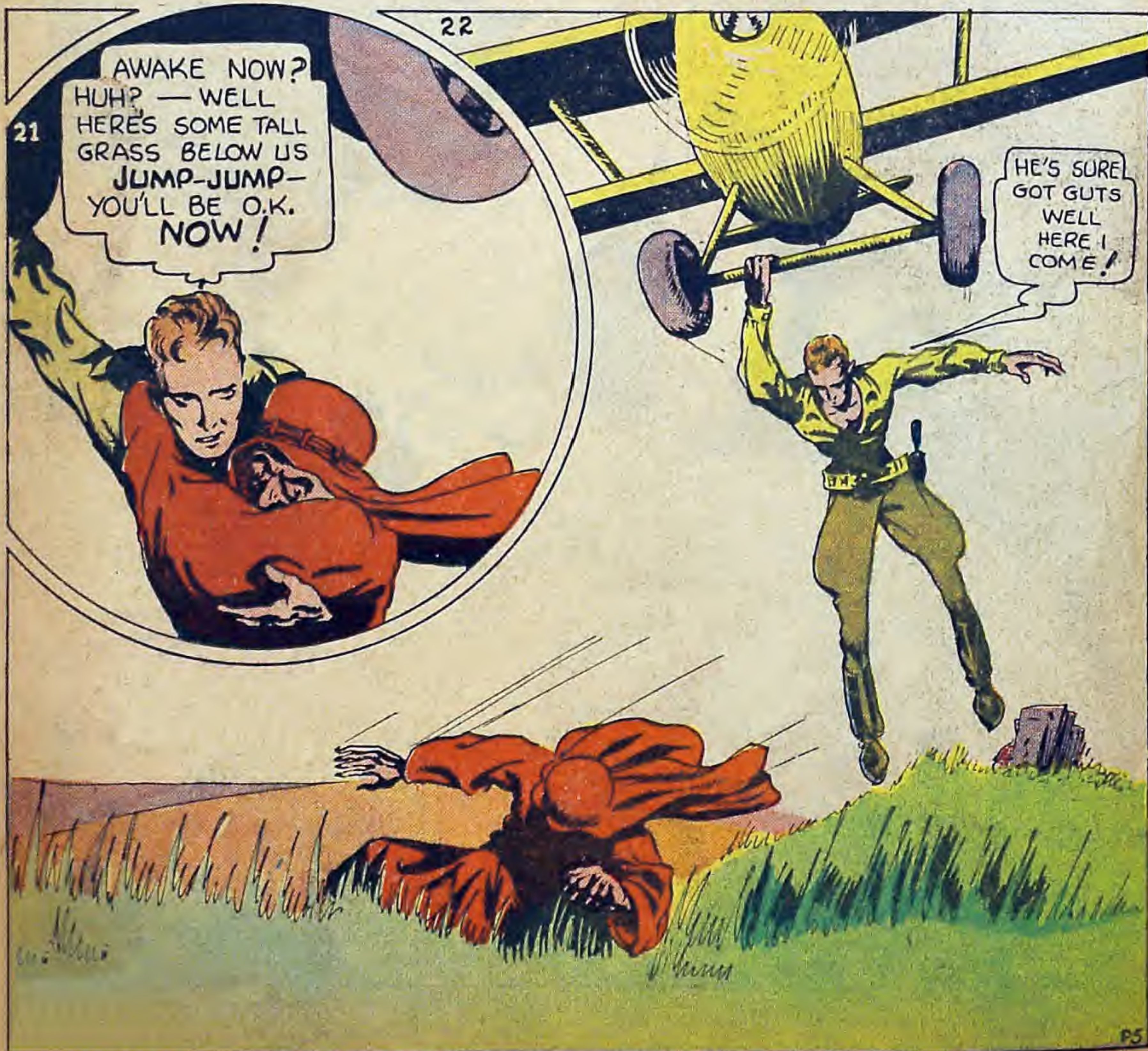
— BUT THE AMERICAN CARAVAN? WE SHOULD HAVE ATTACKED THEM BY NOW — **AHMID BEY** IS IN THE VERY OPPOSITE DIRECTION OF THE CARAVAN TRAIL!

FOOL—WE MUST RESCUE **BEN ALI** — IF THE POLICE SEIZE HIM — HE'LL TALK — THEY'LL LOOSEN HIS TONGUE WITH GOLD



AWAKE NOW? HUH? — WELL HERE'S SOME TALL GRASS BELOW US **JUMP—JUMP—** YOU'LL BE O.K. NOW!

HE'S SURE GOT GUTS WELL HERE I COME!



— BOTH ARE KNOCKED UNCONCIOUS BY THE FALL — BEN ALI IS FIRST TO RECOVER — AND HIS ONLY THOUGHT IS VENGEANCE — — —

23



24

— SO — THE WHITE PIG THINKS HE CAN PLAY WITH BEN ALI — I'LL KILL —



— NO YOU DON'T — MEIN TREACHEROUS FRIEND

25



— BOY OH BOY YOU CAME IN TIME! — THIS PRETTY RAT WOULD HAVE CUT MY HEART OUT!! — — WHEW!!

— JA — AND YOU TOOK A FOOLISH CHANCE JUMPING FROM THE PLANE — HE! — I HEAR THE SHOUTS OF THE PURSUING RIFFS LET'S MOVE ON —

26



27

— I HAVE THE PLANE HIDDEN BEHIND THOSE RUINS — READY TO TAKE OFF

FOOLST! DOGS! MY MEN WILL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!!

— GOOD BARON — WE'LL NEED IT SOON — — BETTER COME QUIETLY BEN ALI, OR I'LL SOCK YOU AGAIN — SAY! THE RIFFS ARE ATTACKING THE MAIN RUINS — AND FATTS IS HOLDING THEM OFF — LET'S HELP HIM C'MON! —

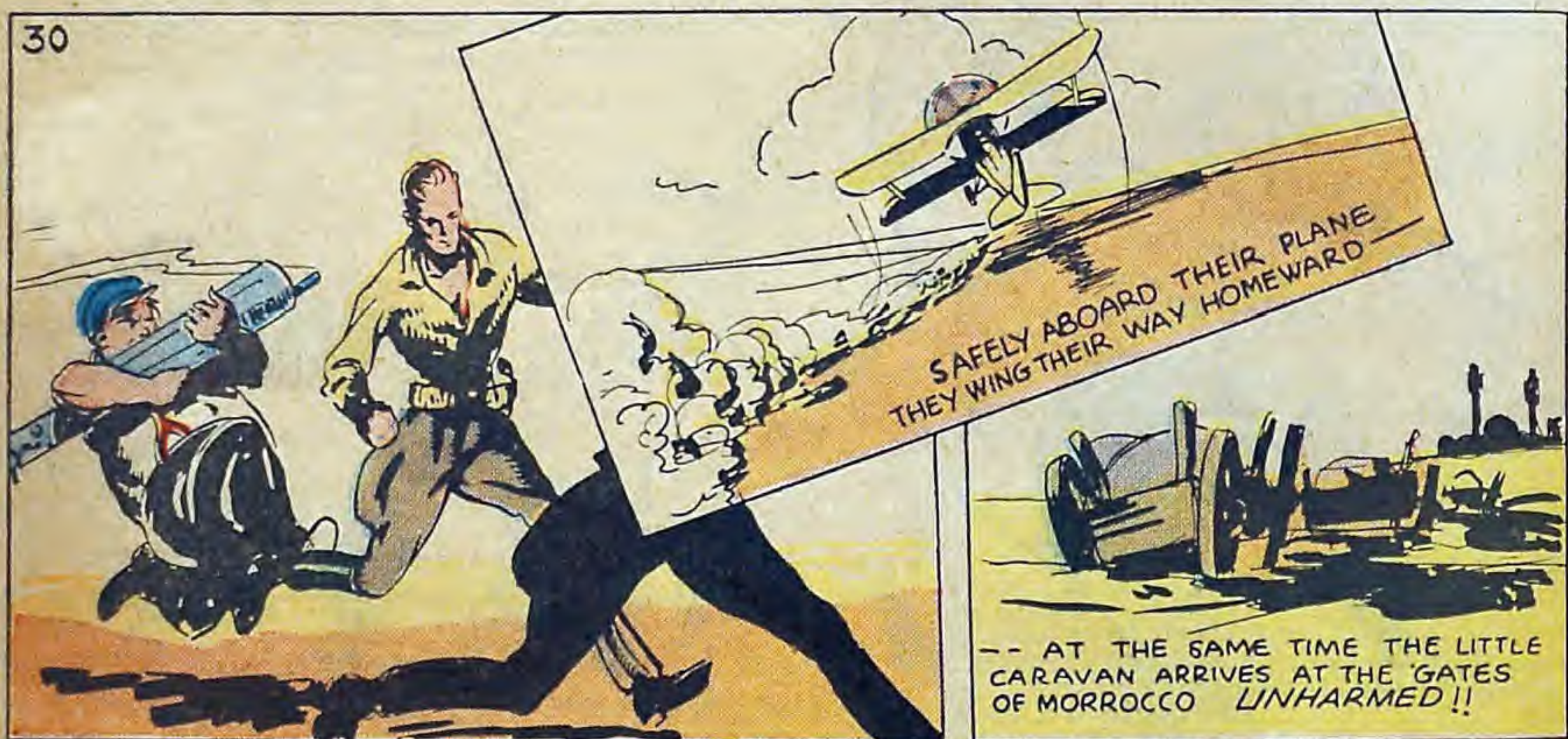




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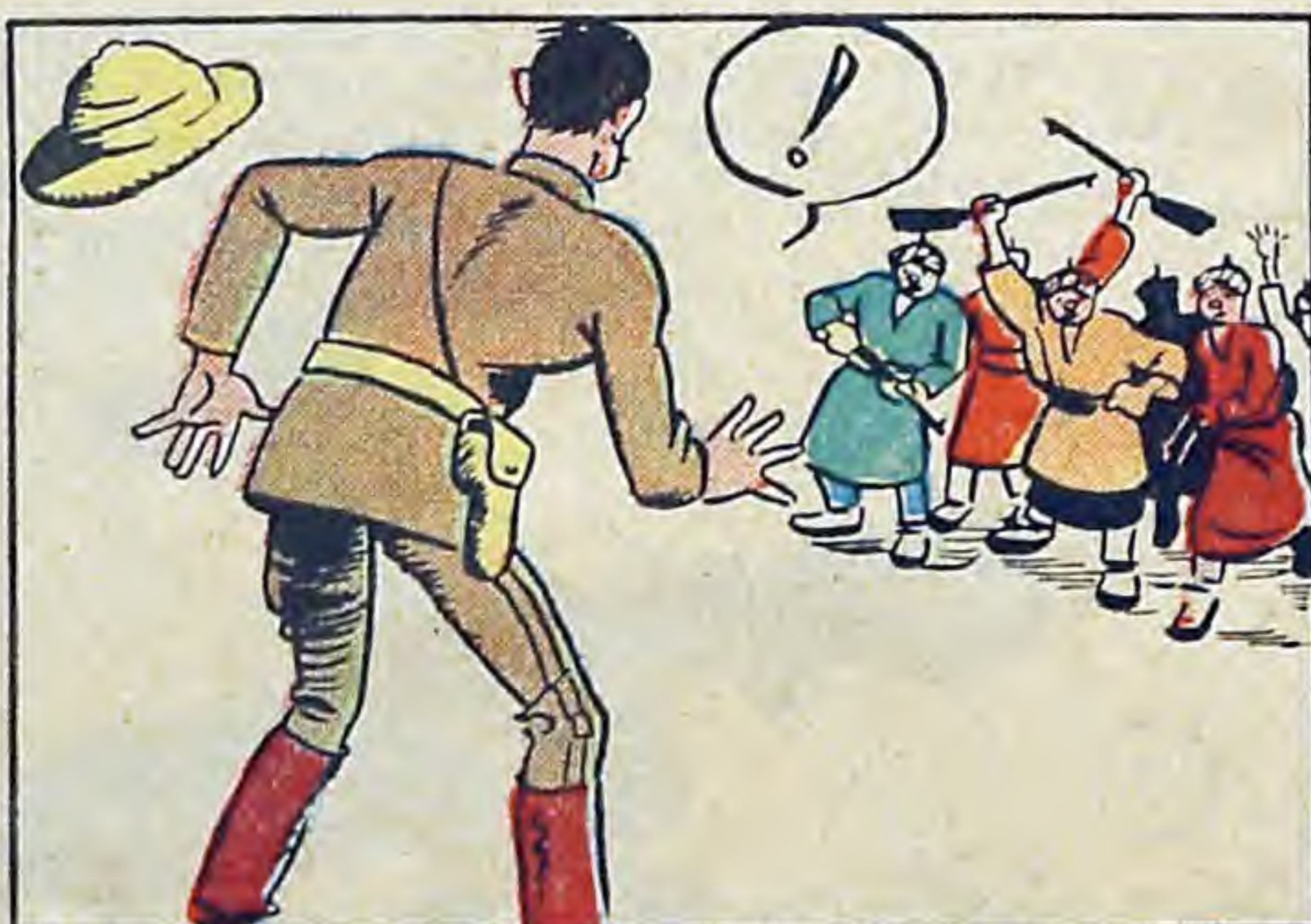


ROCKY

Beired

by PAUL J. LAURETTA-

IN THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS, NORTHERN FRONTIER OF BRITISH INDIA, A LONE FIGURE MAKES ITS WAY SOUTHWARD THROUGH A NARROW PASS.



NOW, THESE MOUNTAINS ARE SOMETIMES OVER-RUN WITH BLOOD-THIRSTY BANDITS, SO, IT IS NOT UNUSUAL WHEN THIS LONE TRAVELER HAPPENS UP-ON A DOZEN OF THEM!



INSTANTLY, BULLETS ARE FLYING AROUND HIM...



...BUT THE SOLDIER RETURNS THE FIRE WITHOUT BATTLING AN EYE!!

OH-HO! SO, IT IS A FIGHT YOU WANT! WELL, YOU'LL BLOOMING WELL GET ONE!

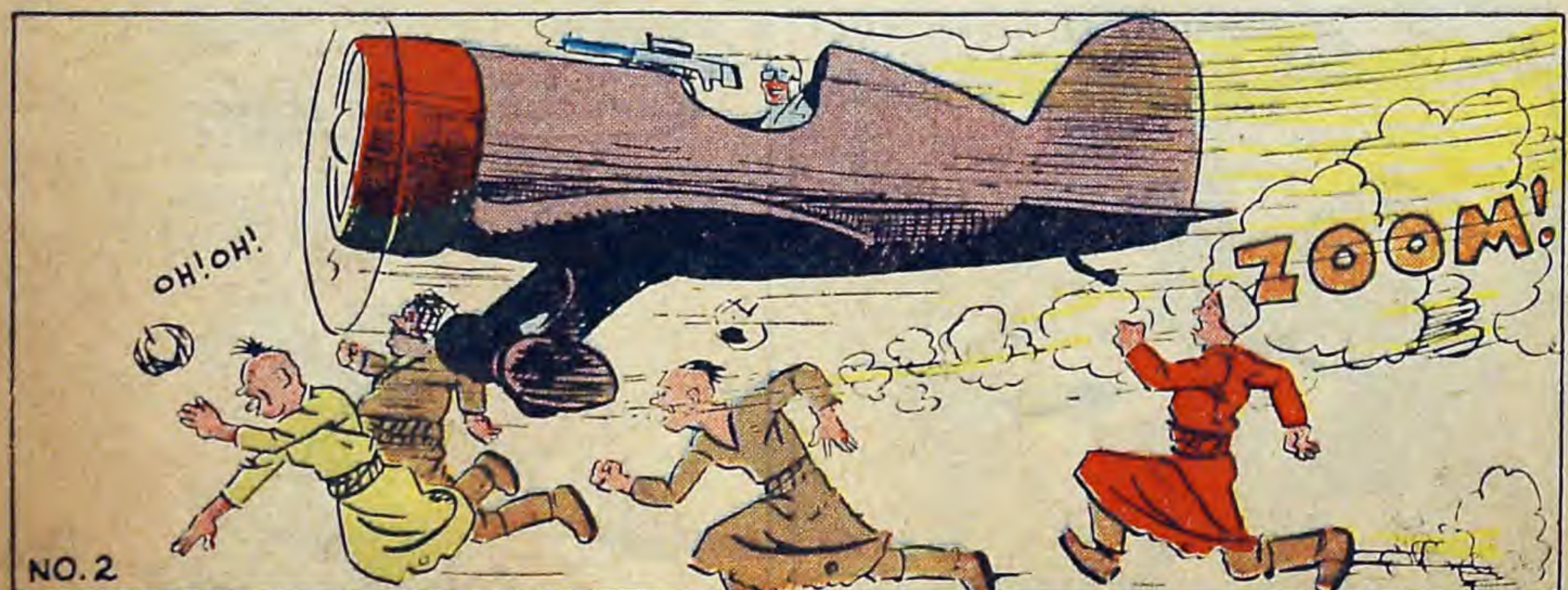
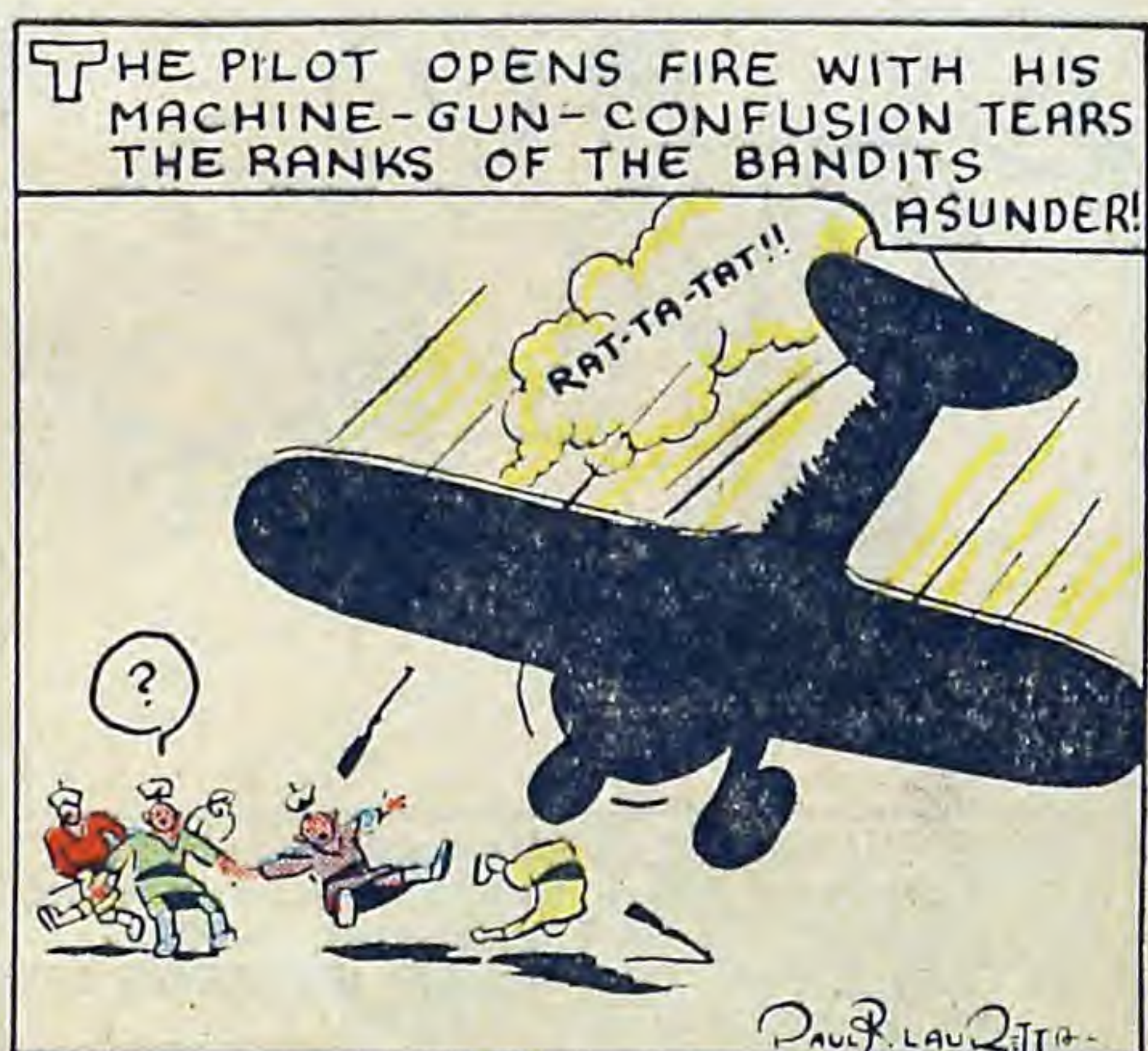


PRESENTLY, HE MUST RELOAD...

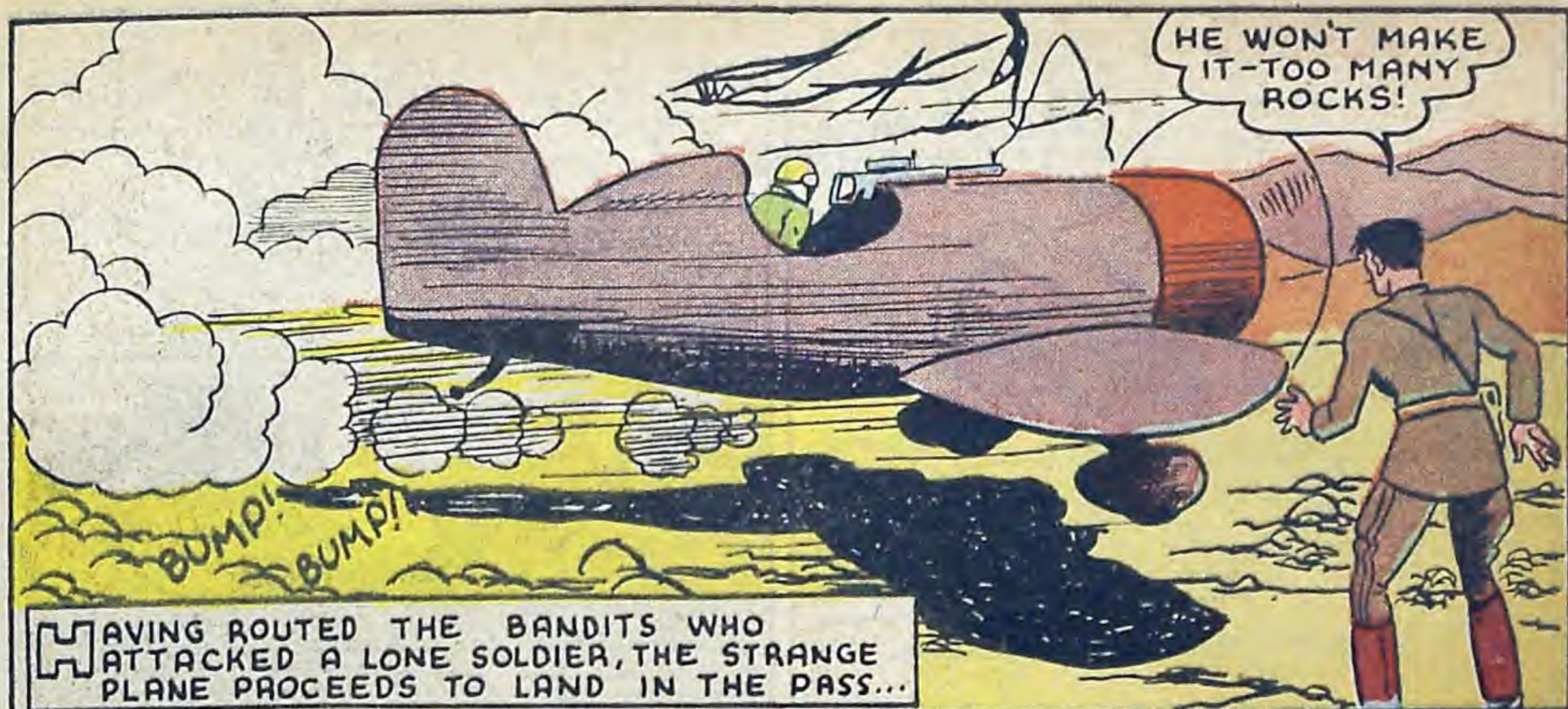
HERE'S OUR CHANCE!!

LET'S CHARGE HIM!!

AYE!! DEATH TO THE FOREIGN SWINE!!!



BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS RENT THE AIR. THE BANDITS ARE THROWN INTO A PANIC, TUMBLING HEADS OVER HEELS IN A HOPELESS ROUT!!!



BUT, WITH CONSIDERABLE SKILL THE PLANE IS LANDED.

THANKS, OLD TOP. YOU SURE CAME IN THE NICK OF TIME. WHO ARE YOU?

OH! JUST AN AMERICAN...

...WHO GOT SICK OF LEADING A DULL LIFE—I WANTED TO SEE SOME ACTION, SO I DECIDED TO LOOK AROUND THIS WORLD FOR SOME—AND HERE I AM!

AH! AN ADVENTURER! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

JAMES J. BAIRD BETTER KNOWN AS ROCKY BAIRD, EX-PRIZE FIGHTER!!



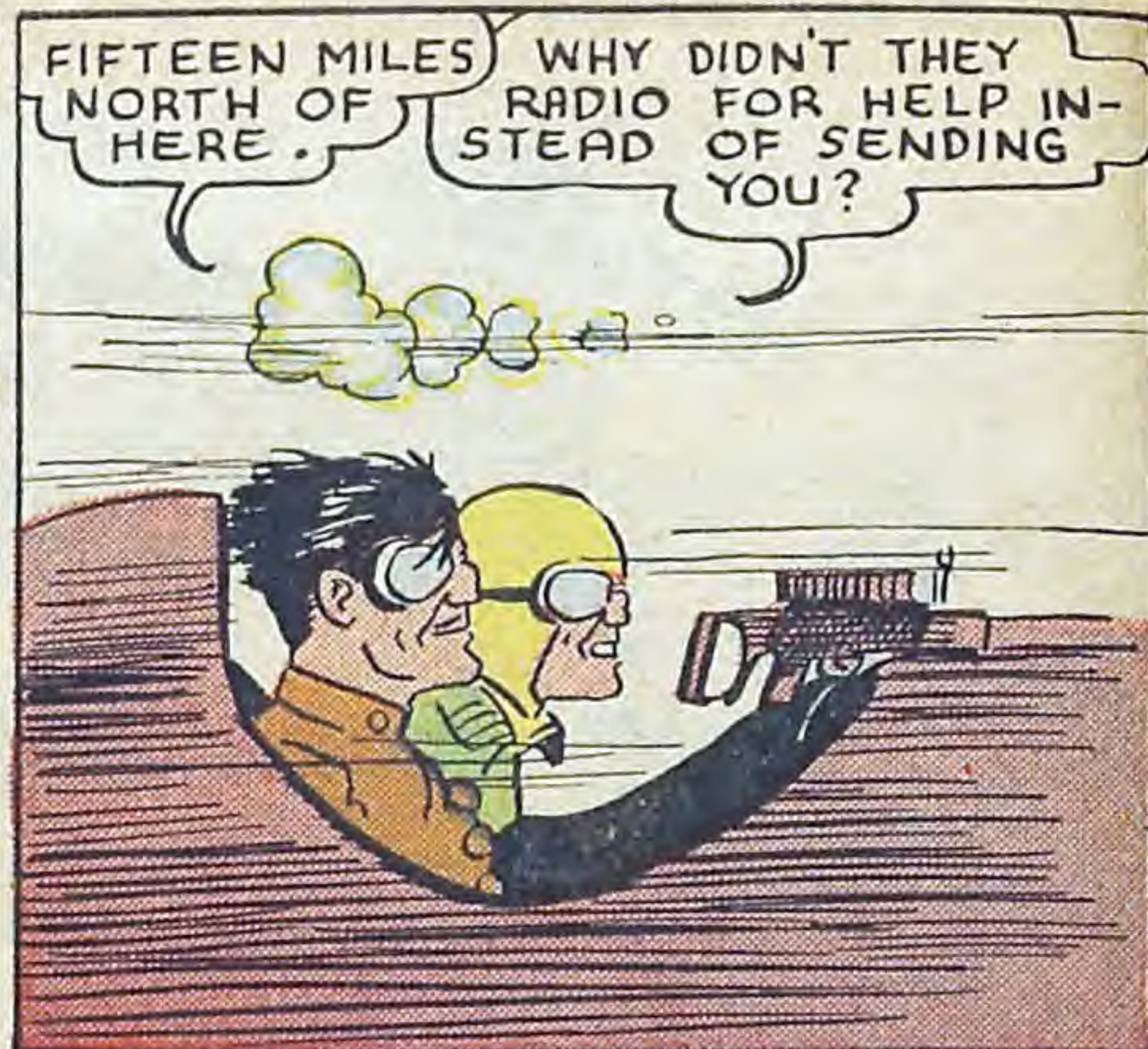
I'M LIEUTENANT STONELEY OF THE BRITISH ARMY HERE IN INDIA—AND BY THE WAY, OLD CHAP, I'M IN A SORT OF BIG HURRY TO GET TO MY FORT FOR SOME REINFORCEMENTS—THOSE BLASTED BANDITS ARE ATTACKING ONE OF OUR OUT POSTS—COULD YOU GIVE ME A LIFT TO THE FORT?—EVERY MINUTE COUNTS...



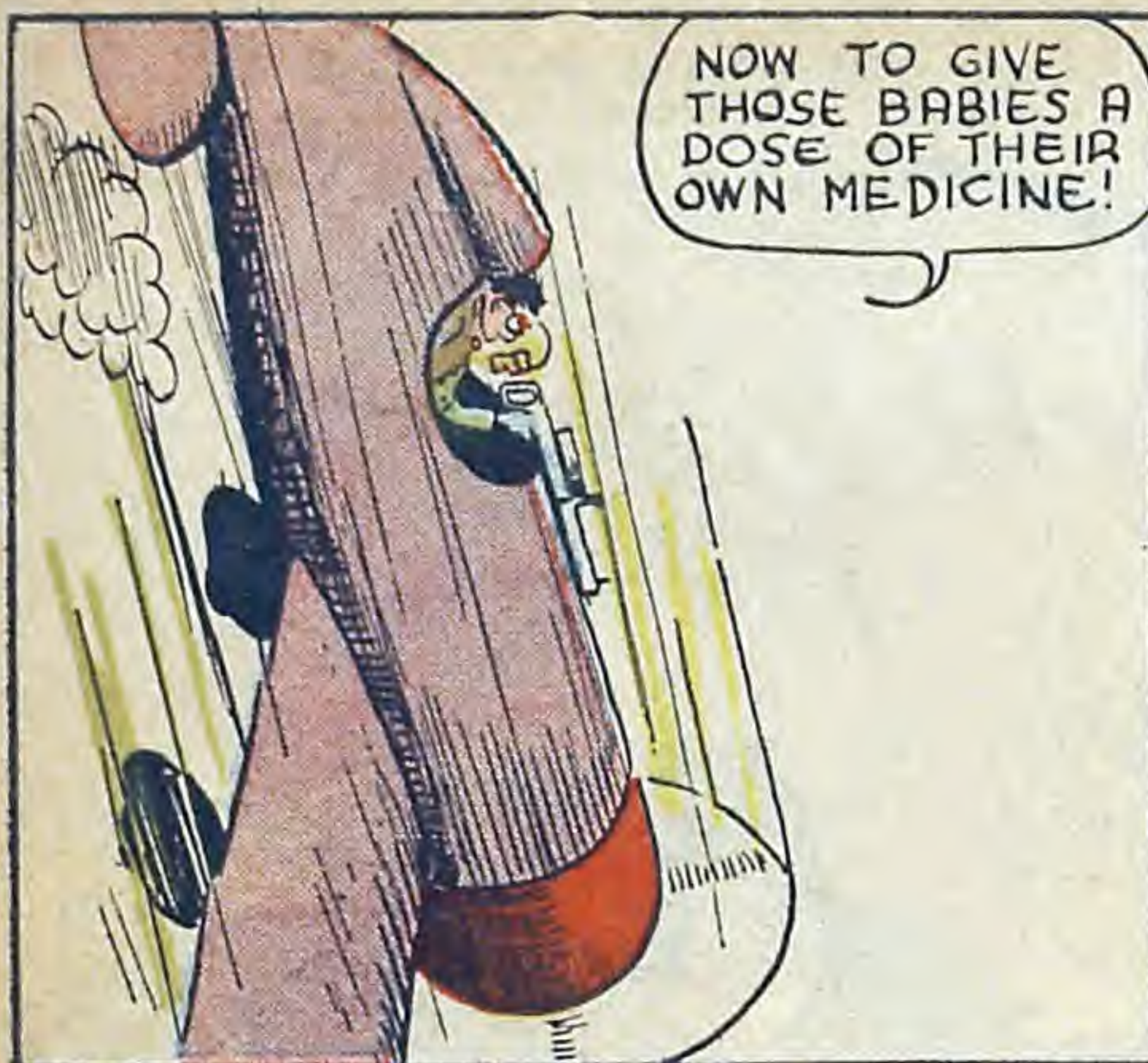
WHY GO TO THE FORT AT ALL! C'MON HOP IN THE PLANE AND WE'LL SCARE THE WITS OUT OF THOSE BANDITS TOO!!

BUT, THERE'S OVER A THOUSAND OF THEM!!

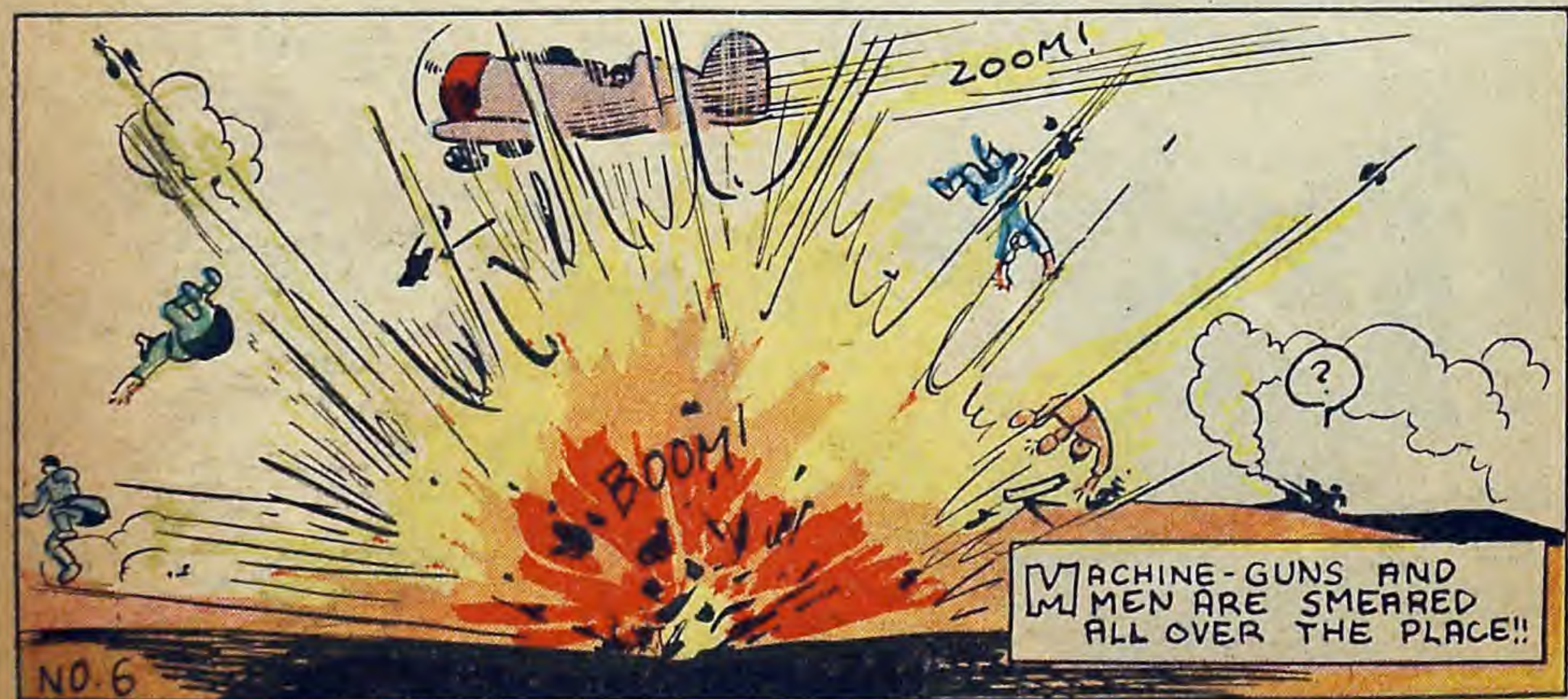
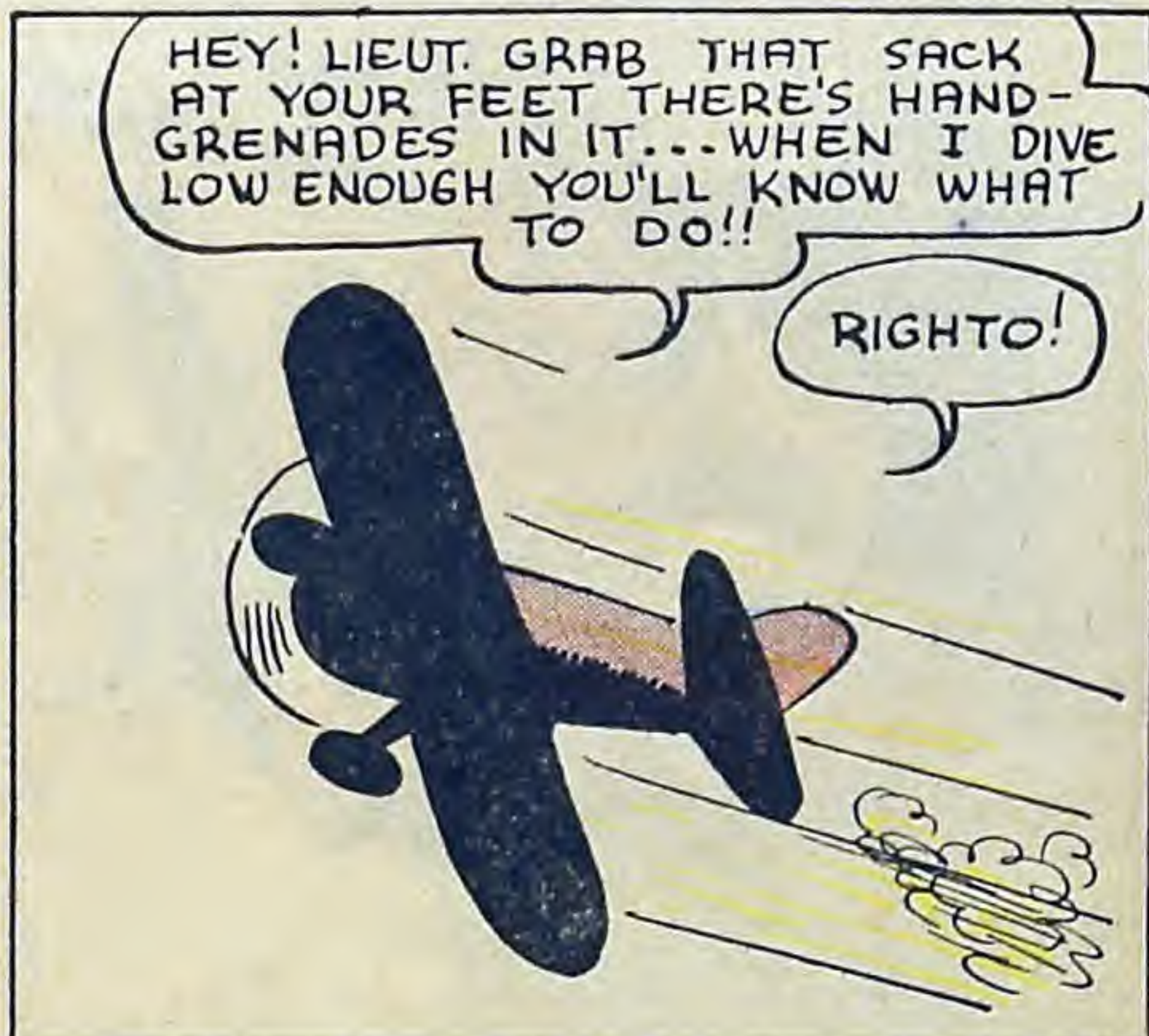


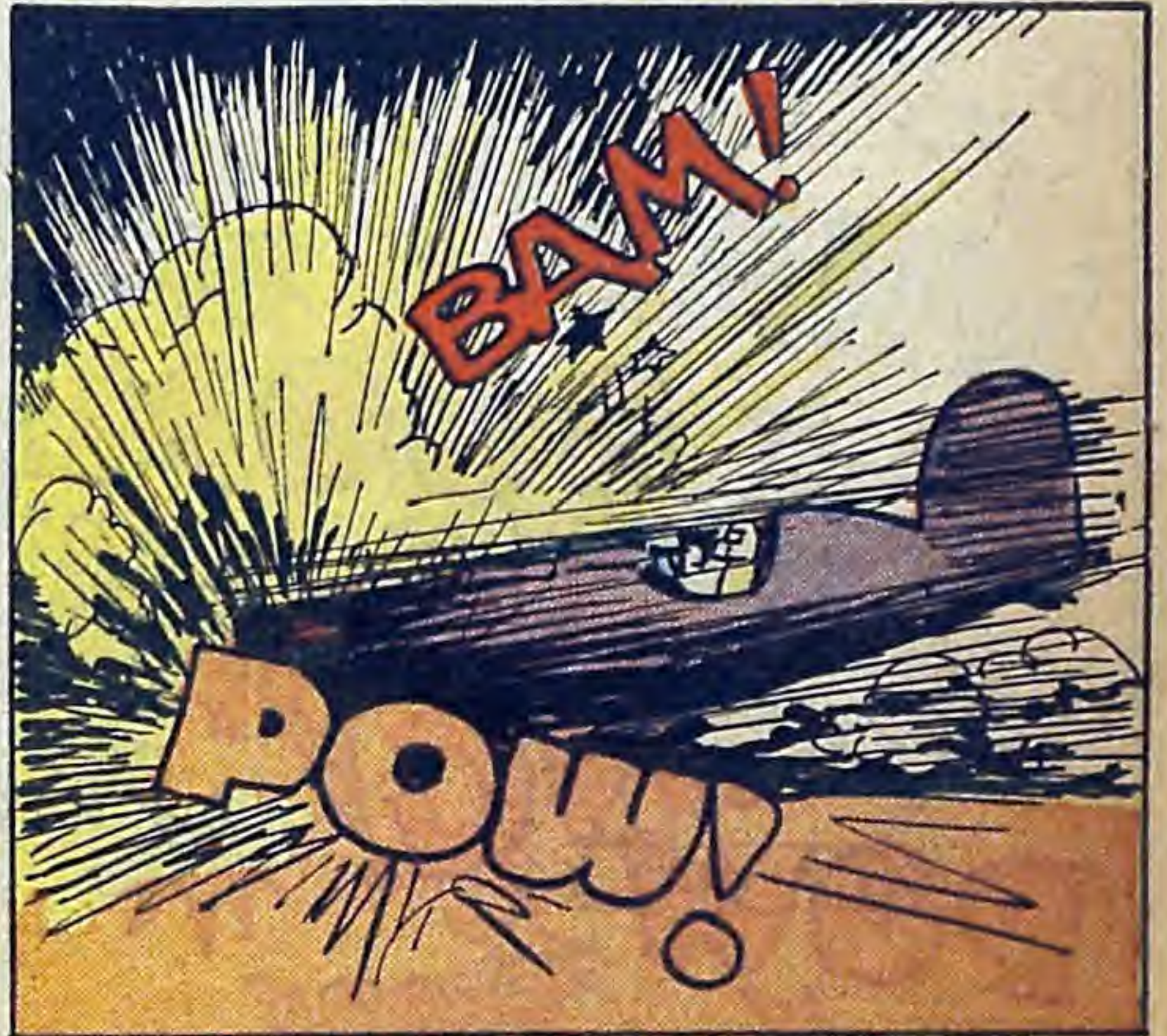
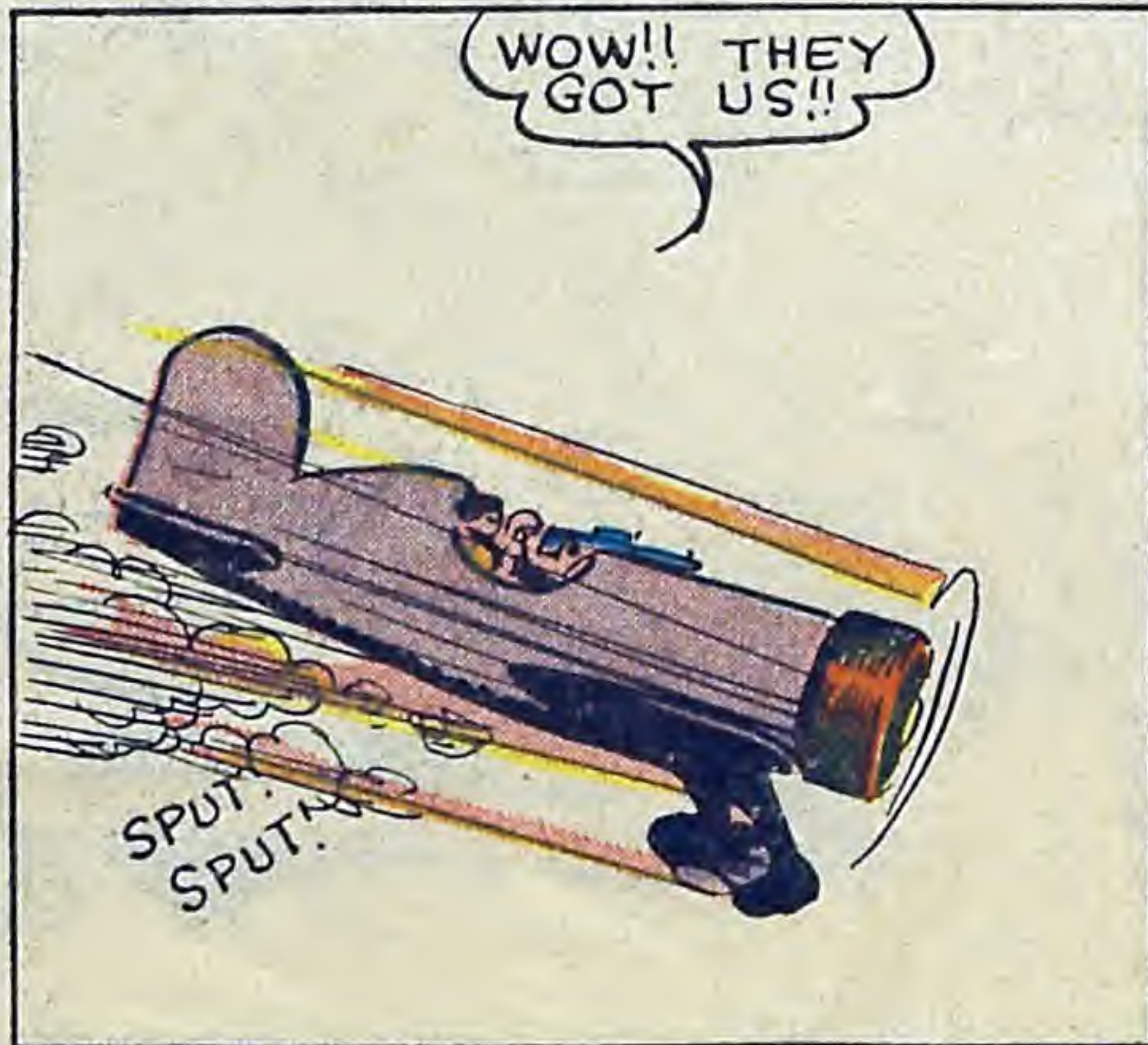
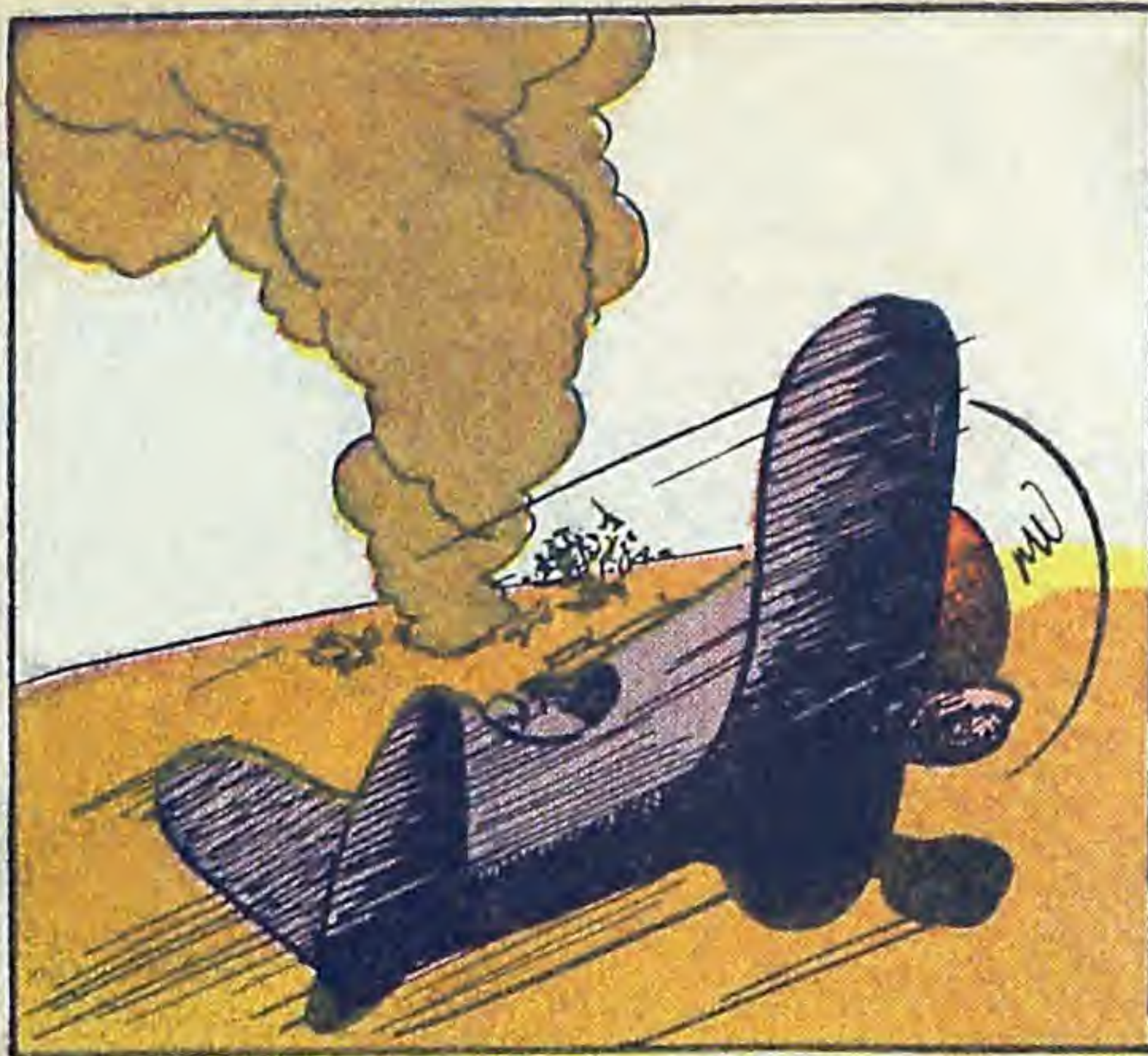


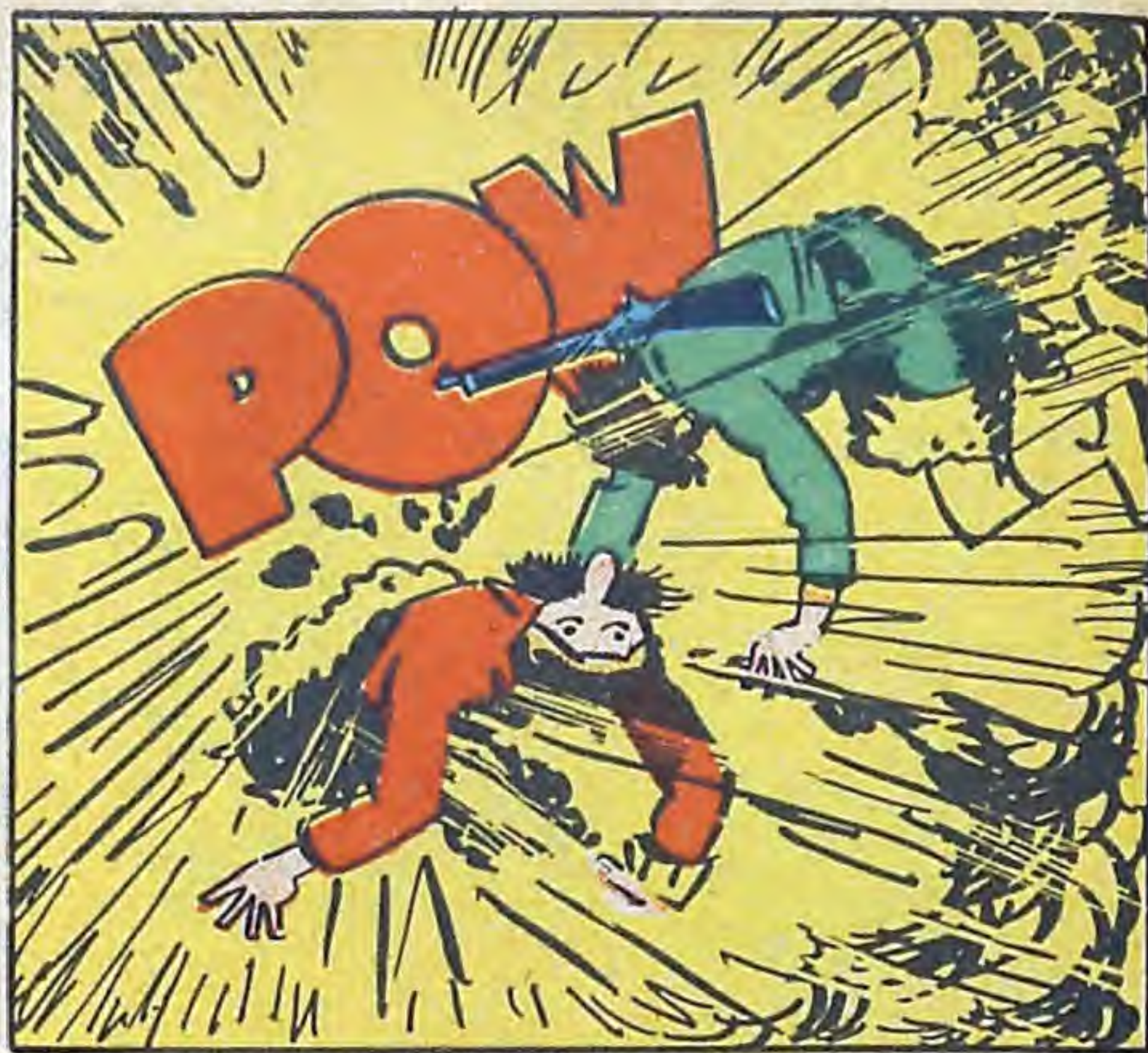




BUT THE BANDITS HAVE CAPTURED SEVERAL MACHINE-GUNS FROM THE OUTPOST.....



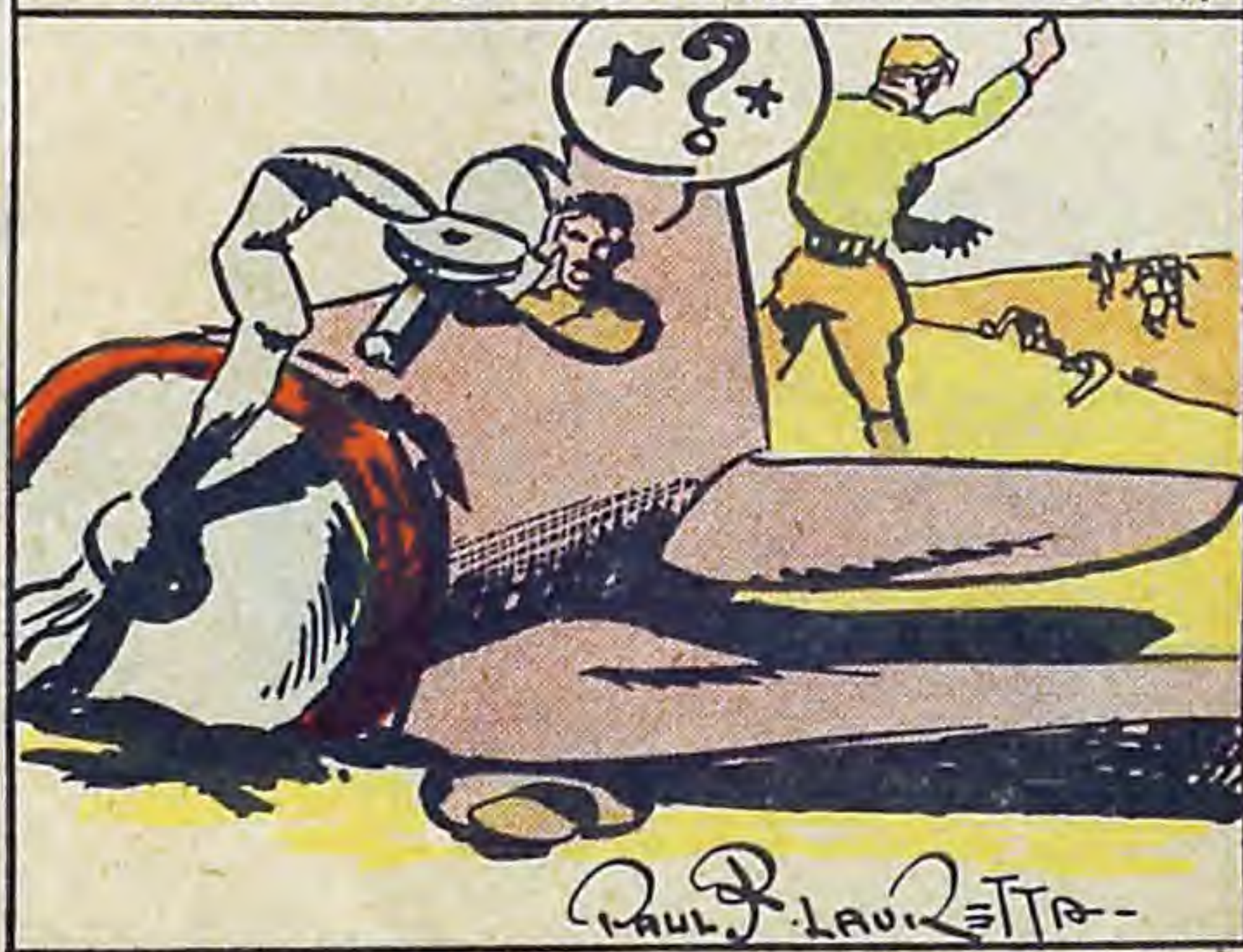




BUT STILL THEY KEEP ON COMING. ROCKY HURLS THE REMAINING BOMBS!!

WHAM!
BOOM!
POW!
BANG!
POW!
CRASH!

AND THE BANDITS ARE ALL BUT ANNIHILATED!!! A REMAINING FEW TAKE TO THEIR HEELS!!



LIEUTENANT STONELEY, WHO WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS WHEN THE SHIP CRASHED, COMES TO....

WHAT HAPPENED?
 WHERE ARE THE
 BANDITS?

THOSE
 BANDITS
 WON'T BOTHER
 YOU ANYMORE!



MAN, I'LL SEE TO
 IT THAT YOUR
 PLANE IS REPLACED
 AND THAT YOU GET
 A REWARD BESIDES!

SHUX! THIS FIGHT
 WAS A REWARD
 IN ITSELF - BUT
 I'LL NEED THE
 PLANE TO KEEP
 MOVING AROUND
 TO OTHER WARS!

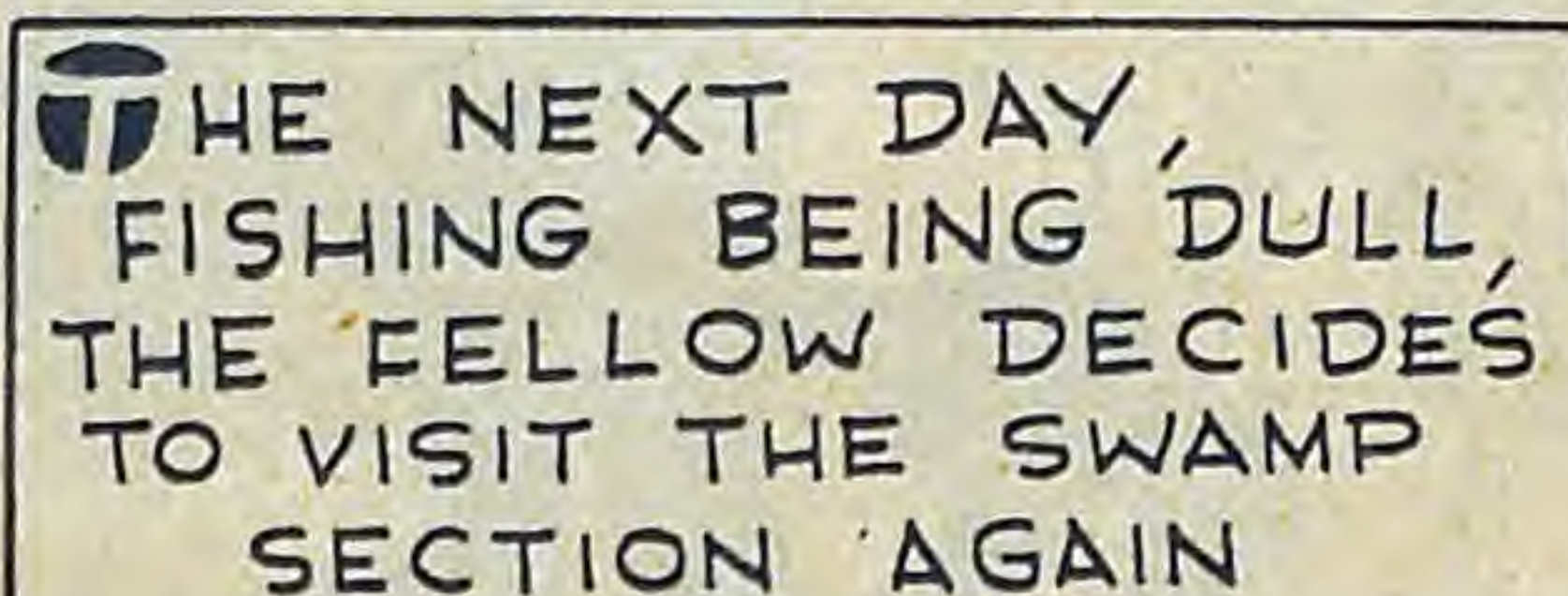


The SWAMP RAT

by JOE E BURESCH









BEFORE ANOTHER WORD WAS SPOKEN, THE "SWAMP RAT" JUMPED FROM THE BUSHES --



THE SPORTSMAN HAD
FALLEN INTO
QUICKSAND!! HE STARTED
TO SINK!!



SAVE HIM! YOU
CAN'T LET HIM
DIE LIKE THAT!!



THE GIRL, SCREAMING,
WAS TAKEN AWAY --



HE WAS BEING PULLED
DOWN, HIS STRENGTH WAS
LEAVING HIM AND HIS
FAINT SHOUT FOR HELP
WAS IN VAIN.



A LOG WAS LYING
ACROSS THE DEADLY
BLACK MUD--THE MAN
HUNG ON --



SUDDENLY, THE GIRL
APPEARED, SOBBING
AND TERRIFIED.



HE CRAWLED OUT ON THE LOG, TRYING TO LIFT HIM. HE TRIED HARD TO LIFT HIMSELF



A LITTLE LATER HE OPENED HIS EYES. HE WAS ON SOLID GROUND, SAFE, BUT WEAK



AFTER A WHILE, GETTING UP, HE DISCOVERED THE GIRL WAS GONE.



I'VE GOT ENOUGH OF THIS PLACE, BUT I'VE GOT TO SEE THAT GIRL AND..



HELP

WELL!! IT'S HIM!! THE SWAMP RAT -- IN QUICKSAND!!



THE GIRL WAS
ALREADY THERE

SAVE HIM
PLEASE!



IT WAS TOO LATE, THE
QUICKSAND HAD CLAIMED
ANOTHER VICTIM.



DON'T LOOK GIRLY.
LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE



I CAN LEAVE THIS
PLACE NOW, FOREVER.
YOU SEE .. HE WAS MY
FATHER.

YOUR
FATHER!



YES, HE.. HE ESCAPED
FROM PRISON A WHILE
BACK. I HAD TO STAY
HERE.. TO HELP HIM IN
WAYS. BUT IT'S ALL
OVER NOW.



BUT IT'S ONLY THE
BEGINNING OF
HAPPINESS FOR
US ... WILL YOU
COME WITH ME?

YES!



POACHERS

A COMPLETE
RANGER-DETECTIVE
STORY

by

George & Martin Flinchcock



'RIP' BURNS

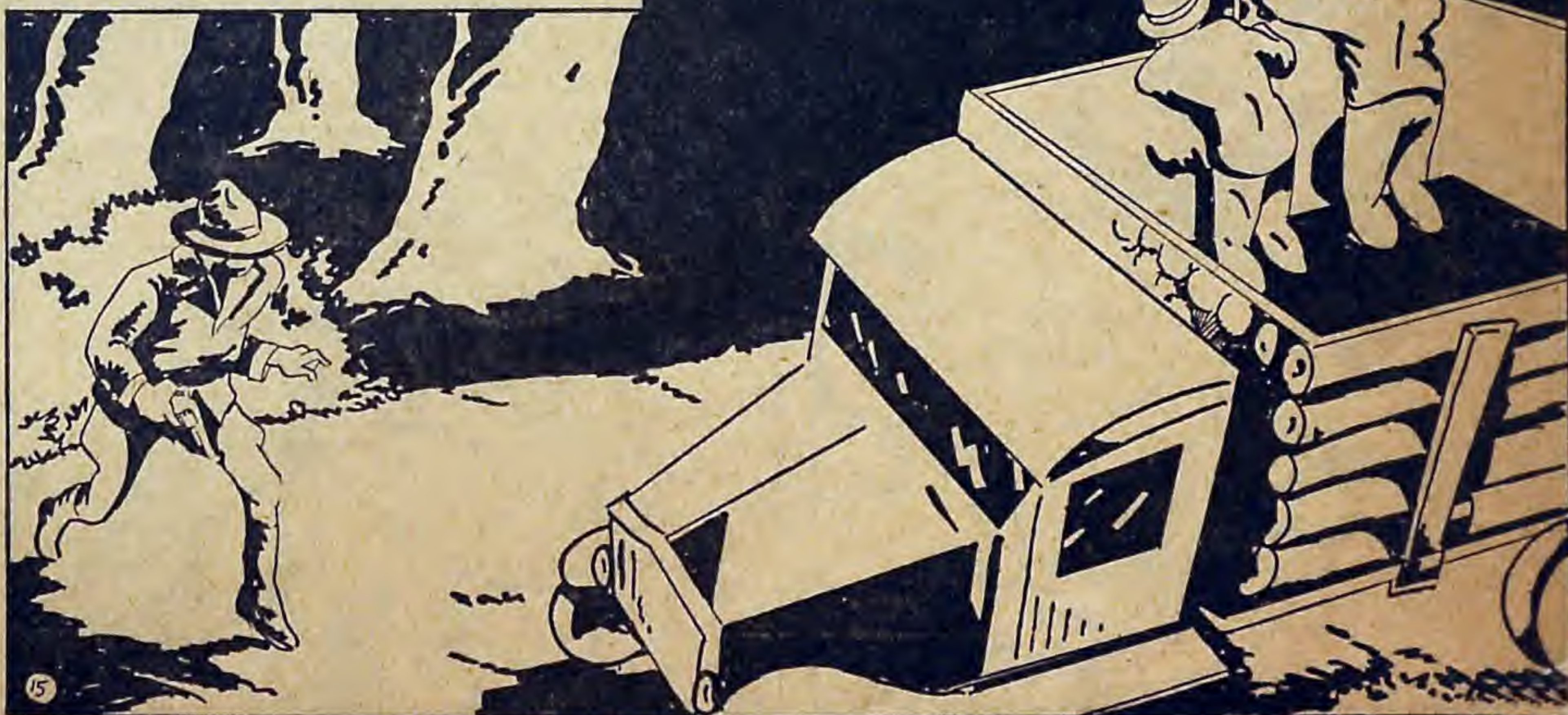
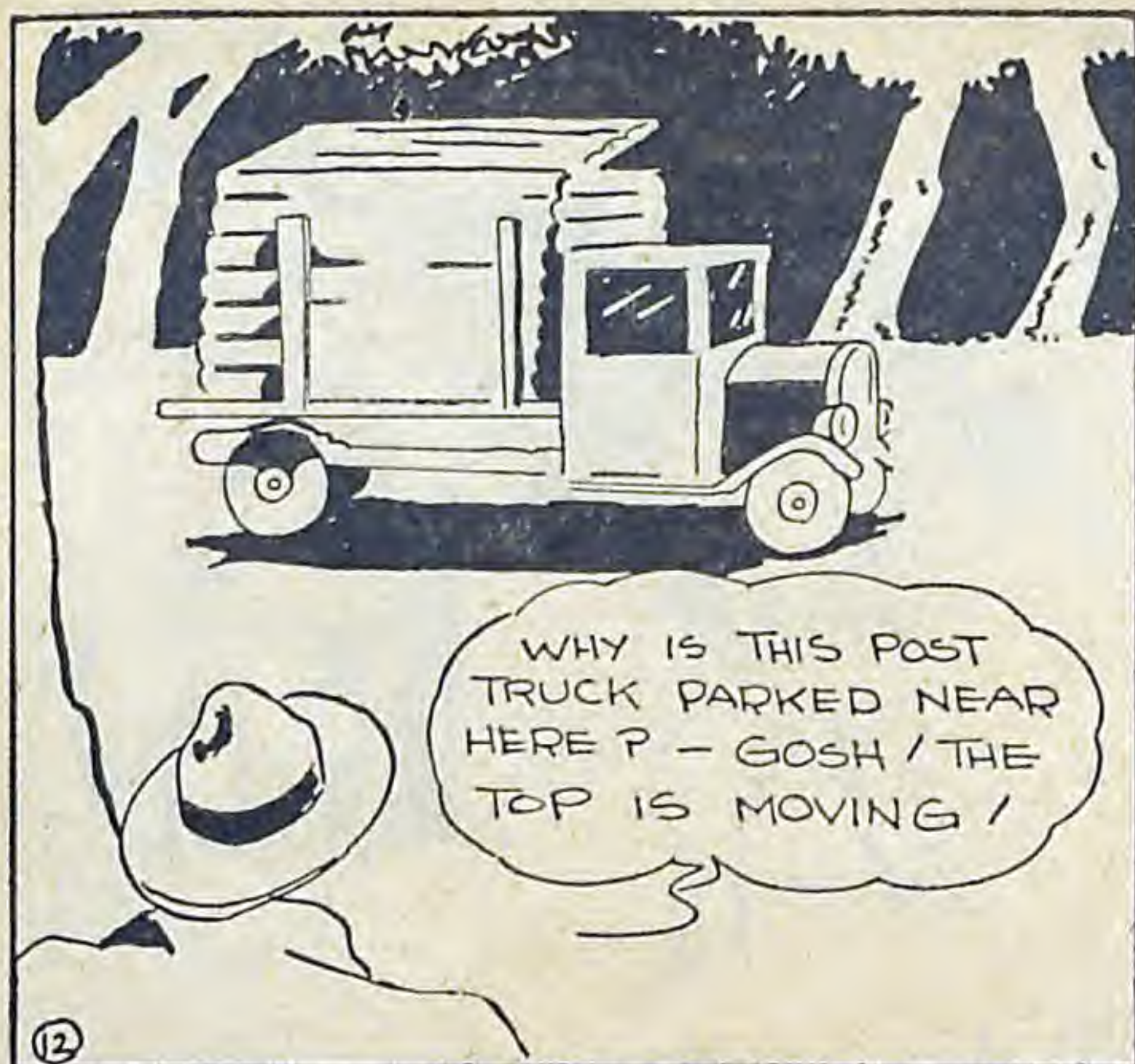


BURNS / T. R. GREY, HEAD OF THE
TROUT GUN CLUB HAS BEEN
HOWLING THAT THERE IS A SHORTAGE
OF DEER THIS YEAR - SCOUT AROUND
AND SEE IF YOU CAN PICK UP A
POACHER!



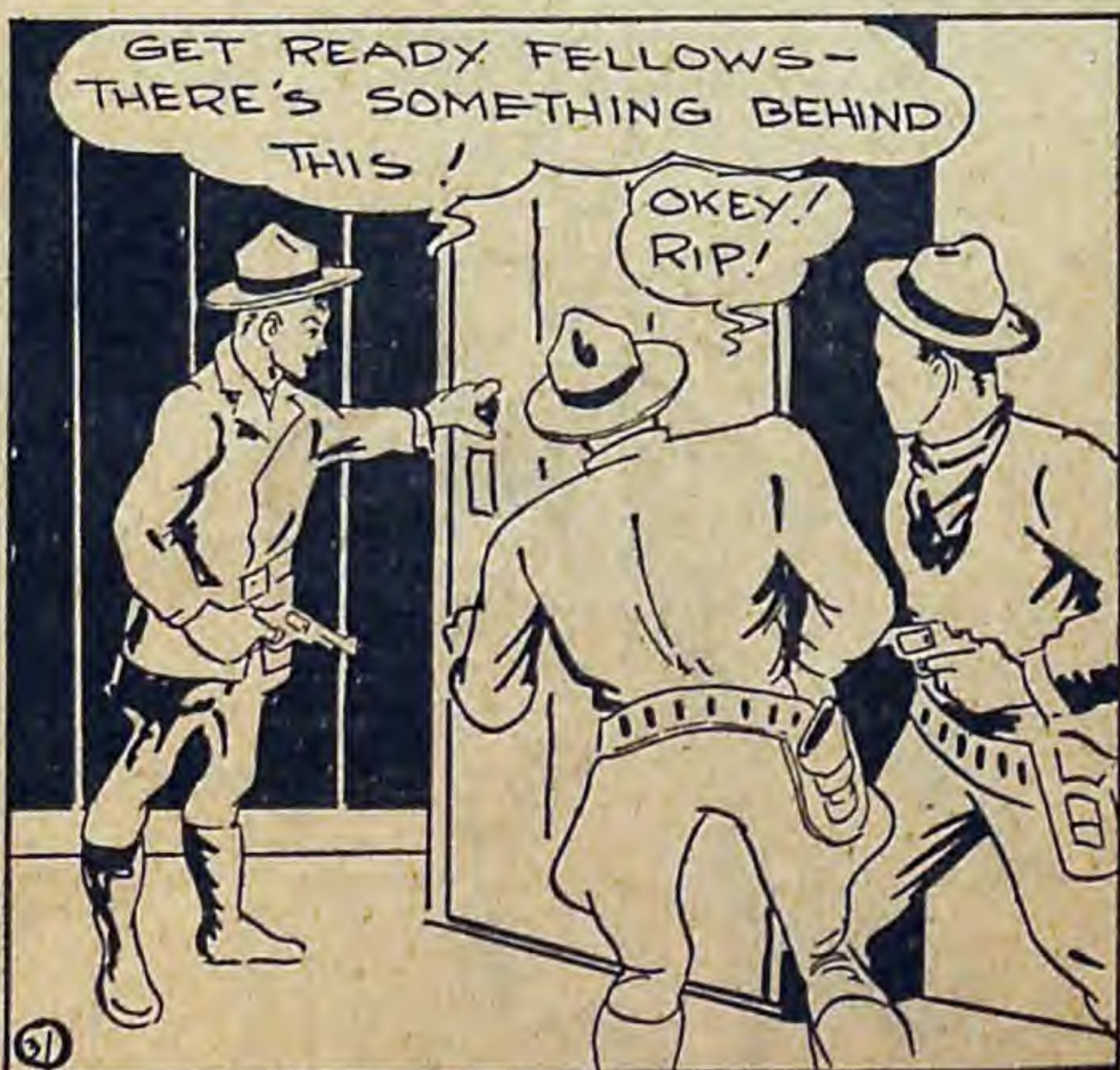


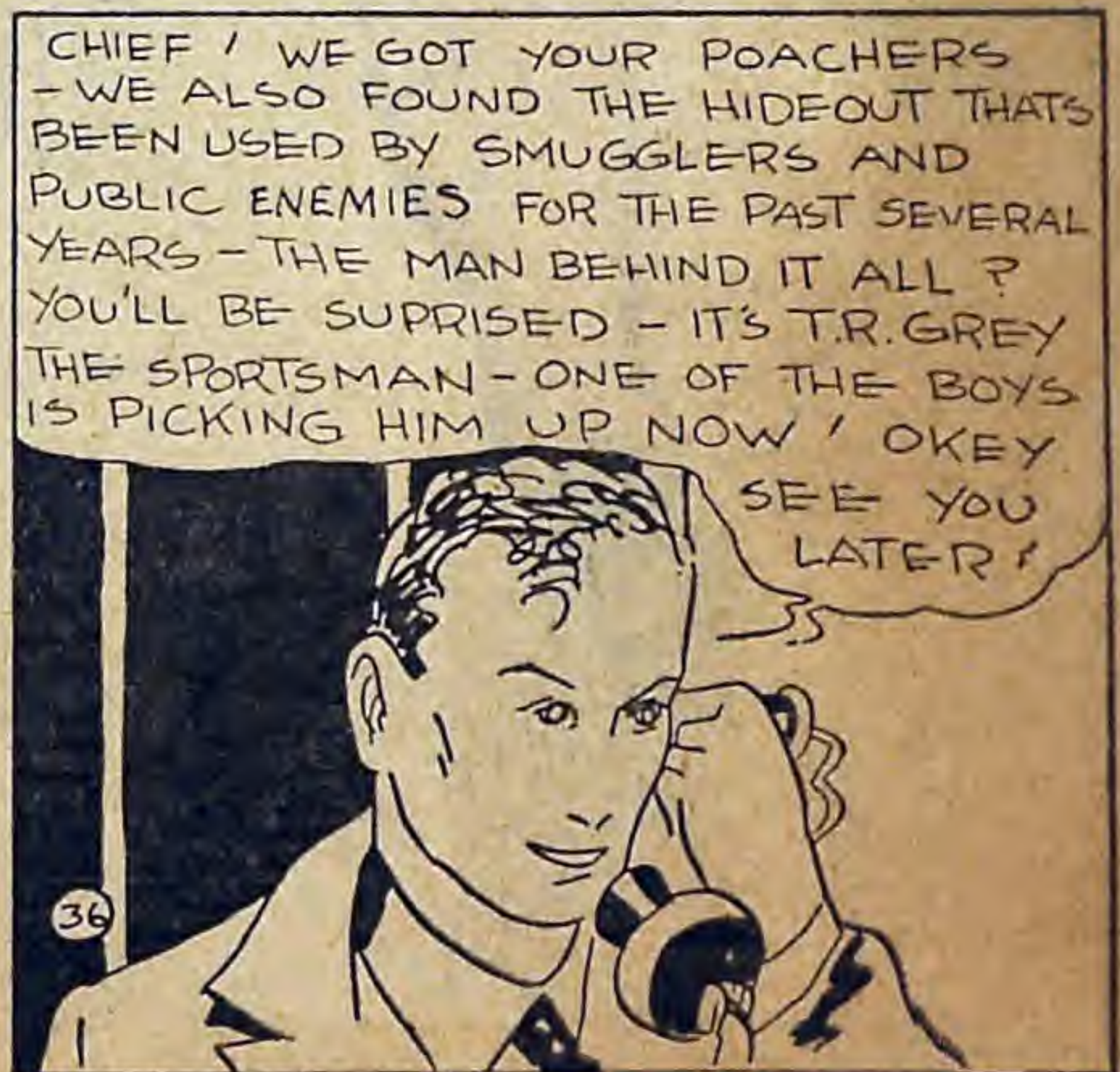












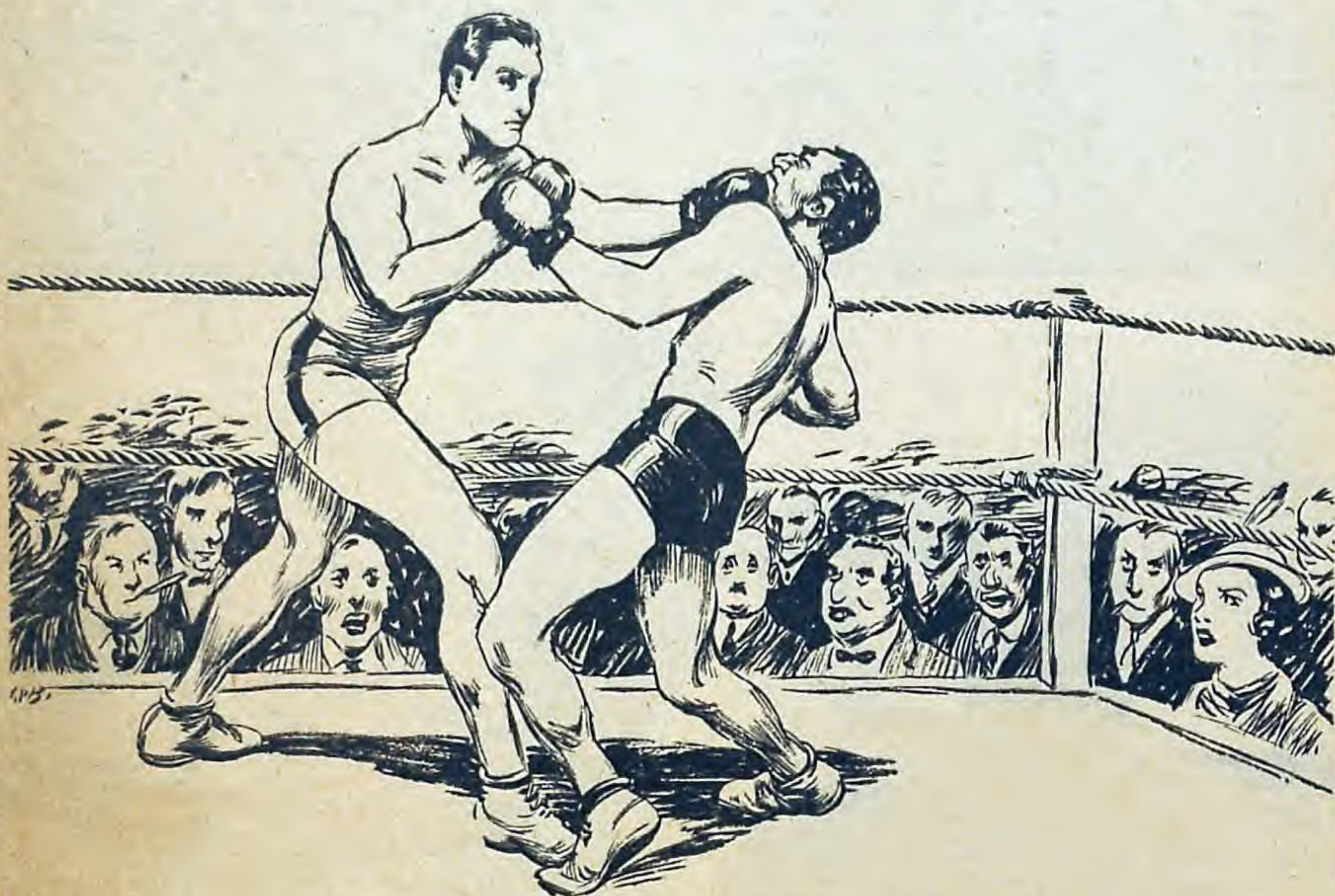




SILVER SPEED

Drawn Especially For
Funny Picture Stories
By WILLIAM EISNER

Battling Beau Brummel



*The thrilling life story of an American boy
who crossed gloves with fate—*

by MALCOLM BRUCE

SCALLY CRANDON was a pal who would go the limit for his friend, but the Owl was in stir and, from the looks of things, he would be there for a long, long time. Actual murder, however, was too much, too dangerous with the bulls hot on their trails. The Owl had sent out word for the gang to "get" the guy who had handed him over into the clutches of the law.

Therefore Beau Brummel, or "Fighting Bob" as some men now began to call him, was a marked man. He was being followed closely and watched. Scally Crandon saw to it that the "dude" was always within reach. When Scally was not trailing him, one of the others was. Already this fighting fool had bested him in a rough-and-tumble battle on the avenue, but Scally had pulled a boner when he had picked that spot. Too near the corner. Next time they nailed him he would stay down and would be carried away in small baskets or left to be eaten by the stray cats.

Even had Bob known this, it is quite unlikely that it would have altered his mode of living. He divided his time between the Beresford home and the country club, to all appearances giving but slight attention to the real estate business which he had started shortly after the war. This was now running successfully and the general work of the organization was in the hands of able employees. He was seen now and again at numerous society affairs, but Providence stalked silently by his side.

Several times he narrowly escaped the downward path of a blackjack in the shadows, but he emerged each time without even the knowledge that his health had been threatened. In fact it began to appear to him that life was becoming rather monotonous; the days were dull.

It was one of these days that he called on Helen to invite her to drive out to the Seven-Fences for dinner and a dance or two. Helen handed him a laugh in the form of an introduction to Mister Carvington Sheldon Letheridge. A wee mustache, pink and white complexion, very blonde, almost yellow hair, and about one hundred and ten pounds at the very maddest. Bob guessed he was about five feet five in his built-up heels, and was for asking what breeze had blown him in, but his finer instincts prevailed.

Carvington Sheldon Letheridge was visiting the city for his health. Bob hoped he would find it and said so while shaking Carvington's lily-white hand. Carvington withdrew his shell-pink finger tips and promptly placed both hands in his pockets for safety, though he was forced to remove them almost immediately upon the entrance of Ruth Potter who had dropped in for chat with Helen.

So it was a party of four. Helen engineered it superbly so that Bob would notice that she approached the car on Carvington's manly arm. With severe politeness he ushered them into the rear seat and promptly placed Ruth Potter in front, beside

him, where she kept up a gay chatter while he drove north into the country wondering if Letheridge's ancestors had ridden fiery steeds in the same heat with the original Beresfords. Carvington himself would make an excellent jockey, he thought.

Before they had ridden far however, he found himself listening more attentively to Miss Potter. He still called her "Miss Potter" but gradually he felt the urge to talk to this girl who looked at him with such frank, honest eyes. He had not yet discovered what there was about her face which made it seem familiar and never once did it bring back to him the picture of a girl wearing a red cross and standing shivering against the wall of a first-aid station in France.

He would like to call her Ruth. She could talk about things that most girls couldn't; business life, real travel talks, dogs—and fighting. This was the girl who had patted him on the back that night when he was planning to catch the burglar in action. If he called her Ruth too suddenly it might—well—. He took a look in the rear-view mirror to see how Carvington was taking the air, and whether Helen was aware that Bob Brummel was driving the car.

Perhaps some time later on he might get to calling Ruth by her first name. Indecision clutched him but he continued to clutch the wheel and figure the road ahead.

CHAPTER VI

Rough and Ready

THE BATTLE at the Inn of the Seven-Fences got into the newspapers as did most of Bob's battles. "Beau" Brummel they called him and mentioned the fact that he had been escorting some ladies of high social rank, but—the ladies' names were not published. Somebody was to be thanked for that, but the fight—that was the thing. Another blot on the Brummel escutcheon with a narrow escape for the Beresford shield, to say nothing now of the Potter emblem. Never a word about that Letheridge fellow with the misplaced eyebrow and skin that loved to be touched. The "chawming" fellow had made himself almost invisible in the frolic and when it was over had vamped out with the fickle Helen on his arm.

Quite a goodly crowd had assembled at the Inn. Bob led the way to the table of his own selection. They had been there before. It was a quiet, exclusive sort of place where good food could be eaten and good music heard, and you could dress or not as you liked. Bob was nothing short of spectacular as he stood with due pride and waited the seating of his guests. All eyes were on him for here was perfection in physical manhood.

Gay parties of laughing men and women fringed the nearby tables. The dining room was lighted softly with semi-subdued effect and the brilliant white table linen reflected the pale pinks and mauves of the tiny table lamps, picking out here and there flashing highlights from jewelled throats and fingers.

Separated by two tables on their own aisle, Bob now noticed a party of four men about to seat themselves. Something about them told him that he was, or would be shortly, the subject of their conversation. This was not ego, nor was it conceit, but from the manner in which one of the men had looked at him, he felt that something was amiss. None of them was known to him, and while he attempted to cast off the feeling of uncertainty, the conviction remained. He hoped he was wrong. With a shrug of his wide shoulders he awaited his chance to share in the conversational privileges which Carvington Sheldon Letheridge was enthusiastically endeavoring to monopolize. "Carv"

talked with his face, his hands and his shoulders, and reached frequently to his upper lip and his immaculate tie.

At the other table a tall man with sallow, lean face and heavy dark brows was talking in low tones. His companions listened closely.

"No gun-play, get me?" he said in a coarse whisper. "This guy is due for the hospital. When he comes out, if he does, then we fix him again and ride him for a loop. He cooped the Owl and we gotta stick by our pal. Get me?"

Apparently they did for they nodded savagely and cast furtive glances in the direction of Bob's table.

LEFTY MARLOW, who was undoubtedly the leader of the party, was almost completely disguised in his dinner suit. A con man of class, he was known in the underworld as a "headworker" but there were those who could vouch for his ability with his hands when pinned against a wall. Lefty was going to do his bit for a brother gangster and his pals were chosen from among the elite of the underworld for their "mugs" and appearance in "soup-and-fish" disguise.

Sitting quietly at their table they looked not out of place, but when they arose and sauntered down the aisle toward the table at which Bob sat with his party, their eyes glittered with the blood-lust of prowling animals and nostrils flared with the scent of the quarry.

"How are ye, kid?" began Marlow looking directly at Helen.

There was a wicked, taunting leer in his face and his manner suggested defiant insult.

"Scuse me," said the second man as he deliberately stepped on Bob's foot at the edge of the table.

Helen dropped her eyes at the words of the first one, and Bob glanced from her to the man who had spoken. Then as the second thug brought his foot down on his own toe, he gripped the edge of the table and drew a deep breath. Several people were instantly attracted to their table, and for a brief moment hung with suspense the tableau was fixed. No one spoke. Bob though fast. There were the ladies with him and he was in a rather refined place. The thugs—

"You heard me, didn't ye?" continued the second man as Bob hesitated. "I said 'scuse me' didn't I?"

Seldom, if ever, does any one get affairs of this nature straight. Afterwards a dozen people will tell twelve different versions of how a fight started and who did the wrong thing at the right time. Bob, holding himself desperately in check, tried briefly with words, then Ruth Potter who sat nearest him, placed her arm between Bob and the nearest ruffian.

"Here, gentlemen," she began, when her arm was roughly pushed aside by Marlow.

"G'wan," he started, his face close to Bob's.

There was no way out, and the flash in Bob's eyes gave him away. Marlow dove in with his dependable portside maul aimed at the handsome face of Beau Brummel. Then the fun began.

Men shoved women behind the protective bulwarks of tilted tables, others escaped with their companions through the nearest exits. Other men leaped into the fray, while at the opposite side of the room, as Fate would have it, stood the Honorable John Yeoman, as though transfixed.

"A fighting fool," he said softly as with a smile he observed the first and second of the attackers go down in broken lumps. Lefty Marlow had taken a smack on the nose and careened dizzily sideways, as one of his pals jumped for the tough dude. Bob let another one go, this time with his left, and took the foe's punch high on the head. That man would strike no more for at least an hour.

CONTINUED—DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE.

CAMERA & CRIME!

OR DOUBLE EXPOSURE MURDER

.. by ELLIS EDWARDS



TWO GANGSTERS BURST INTO THE QUIET OFFICE OF JASPER MIGGS AND HIS YOUNG PARTNER, PAUL BARTON . . .



THE BROADCAST IS PICKED BY CAR 613--



SERGEANT MULCAHEY AND DUKE ARCHE, POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER, GO INTO ACTION...



DUKE AND BARTON TALK WHILE MULCAHEY QUIZZES MIGGS . . .



MULCAHEY IS DISGUSTED... CAMERA! CAMERA! HE IS TIRED OF HEARING THE WORD



6
UNTIL BARTON TELLS HIM



7
"MY APARTMENT WAS RIFLED. THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN FAILED TO WIN THE FELLOW --



8
"I WAS HELD UP - MY POCKETS TURNED INSIDE OUT -



9
BART -! EVERY LAST BOOK OF OUR ACCOUNTS HAS DISAPPEARED!

"OUR BUSINESS RECORDS STOLEN -



10
WHEN THE BANDITS HELD US UP I TOOK A PICTURE OF THEM WITH THIS CAMERA

"ALL BECAUSE MIGGS AND I REFUSED TO SELL OUR PATENT AND FORMULA ON THIS LITTLE CAMERA --



11
THAT WAS HIDDEN IN MY HAND!

"TO A GANG OF BLACK-MAILERS!"



12
AS SOON AS THE FILM IS DEVELOPED - WE'LL --

MULCAHEY IS PLEASED. THIS CASE IS GOING TO BE EASY!



13
DON'T DO IT! THEY'LL COME BACK AND MURDER US -- PLEASE-PLEASE-DESTROY IT!

ALL HE HAS TO DO IS TAKE THIS BARTON GUY'S SNAPSHOT-DEVELOP IT-AND COMPARE THE PRINT WITH THE 'ROGUE'S GALLERY' - BUT-

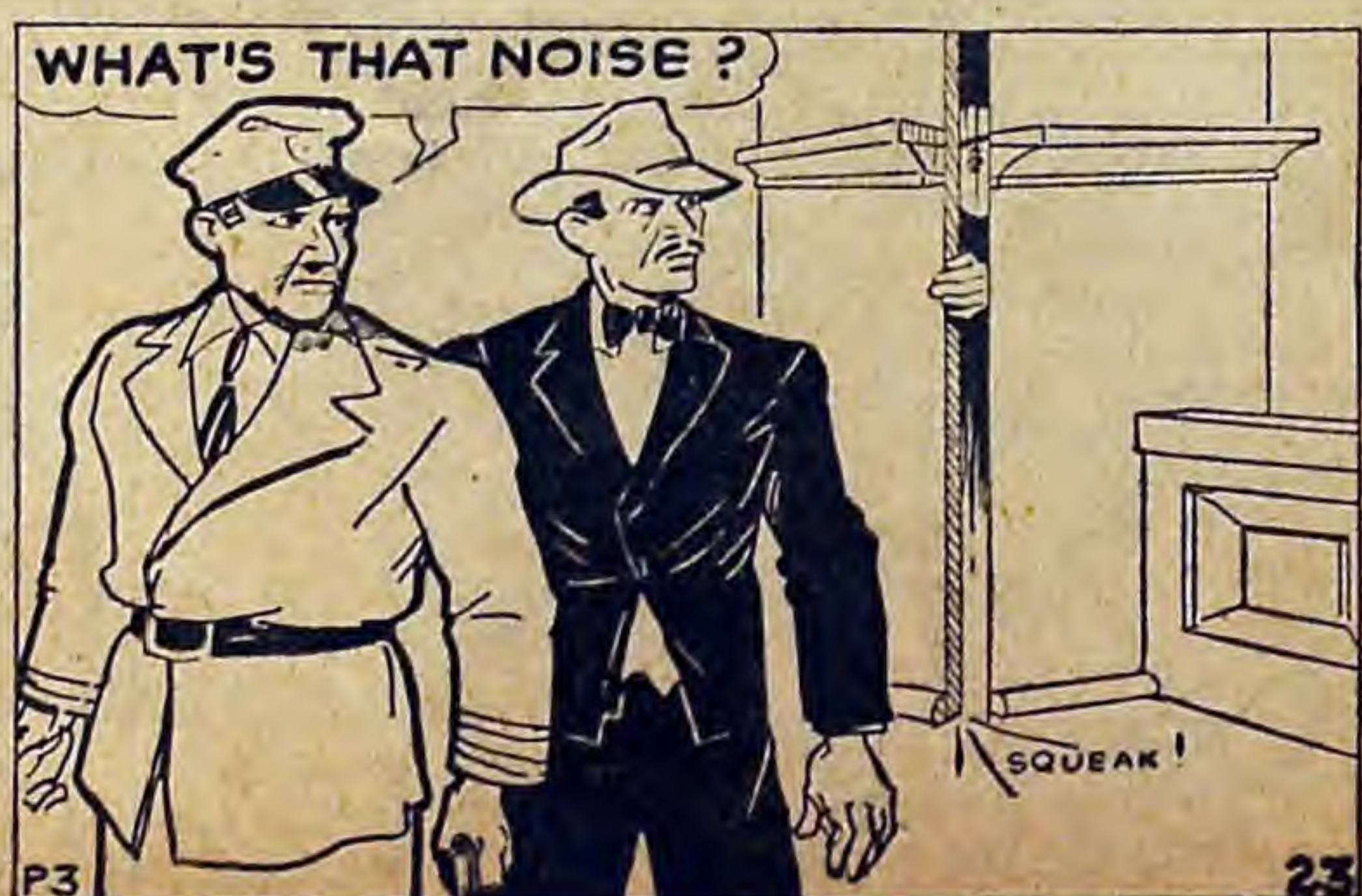


14
ALL RIGHT-MIGGS-IT WILL BE SAFE BECAUSE MY 'SPECIAL CHEMICAL' IS THE ONLY KIND THAT WILL DEVELOP IT!

THANK HEAVEN!



15
SORRY-SERGEANT-YOU'LL HAVE TO GET ALONG WITHOUT THE PICTURE!





A GIRL STEPS INTO THE OFFICE ...
FROM A SECRET DOOR ...



DUKE AND MULCAHEY ARE
MYSTIFIED BECAUSE SHE..



PAYS NO ATTENTION TO
THEM. FOR FIVE OR ...



SIX MINUTES THEY WATCH HER AS
SHE SEARCHES FOR BARTON --



MULCAHEY EXPOSES HER RUSE
WHEN HE THREATENS TO RIDDLE
THE SECRET DOOR WITH BULLETS



...AND BARTON STEPS INTO
THE OFFICE!

MIGGS DIED OF HEART
ATTACK -- THE EXCITE-
MENT - YOU KNOW - AH!

DUKE!

30

HOW DID
YOU KNOW,
SARGE?

32

THEN I REMEMBERED THAT THE PUPILS OF
BARTON'S EYES WERE LIKE PIN-POINTS
AFTER YOUR FLASH PICTURE -- MIGGS'
EYES CAME BACK TO NORMAL SIZE IN
A FEW SECONDS -- WHAT'S THE
ANSWER TO THAT? **DOPE!**

DOPE!

-BUT THE HOLD-
UP? AND THE
STOLEN BOOKS?
AND THE GIRL?

34

MIGGS WAS FORCED TO CONFESS HIS
SCHEME TO BARTON AFTER BARTON
CAME TO THE SAME CONCLUSION WE
DID! MIGGS KNEW THE HOLD-UP MEN!
BARTON WENT CRAZY WHEN THIS 'INFO'
CAME OUT - HE KNOCKED MIGGS OUT!
AND THEN CALMLY PUMPED AIR INTO
MIGGS VEINS UNTIL THE BUBBLES
REACHED HEART AND STOPPED IT!

THEN WE POPPED
IN! WHAT OF
THE GIRL?

36

SLIP THESE HANDCUFFS ON
BARTON --- BARTON YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST FOR --
MURDER!

31

LOOK AT YOUR HANDS! I HAVE NOTICED
EVERY PHOTOGRAPHER HAS ACID-BROWN
STAINS AROUND HIS FINGER-NAILS --
YOU SAID BARTON WAS A PHOTOGRAPHER
I SAW THAT HIS HANDS WERE NOT STAIN-
ED BUT THERE WERE MARKS OF A HYPO-
DERMIC NEEDLE ON HIS WRISTS --

33

MIGGS TOOK THE ACCOUNT BOOKS!
-AND HIRED THE 'HOLD-UPPERS' BE-
CAUSE HE WANTED TO GET OUT OF HIS
PARTNERSHIP WITHOUT AROUSING
BARTON'S SUSPICION! ... BARTON
HAD MADE A DOPE-FIEND OF THE
GIRL, MIGGS NIECE! MIGGS KNEW
THAT BARTON CARRIED THE DOPE IN
THAT "CAMERA" -- IF WE HAD
DISCOVERED THE DOPE IT
WOULD HAVE RUINED
MIGGS CHANCE TO
GET HIS NIECE AWAY
FROM BARTON'S
EVIL INFLUENCE!

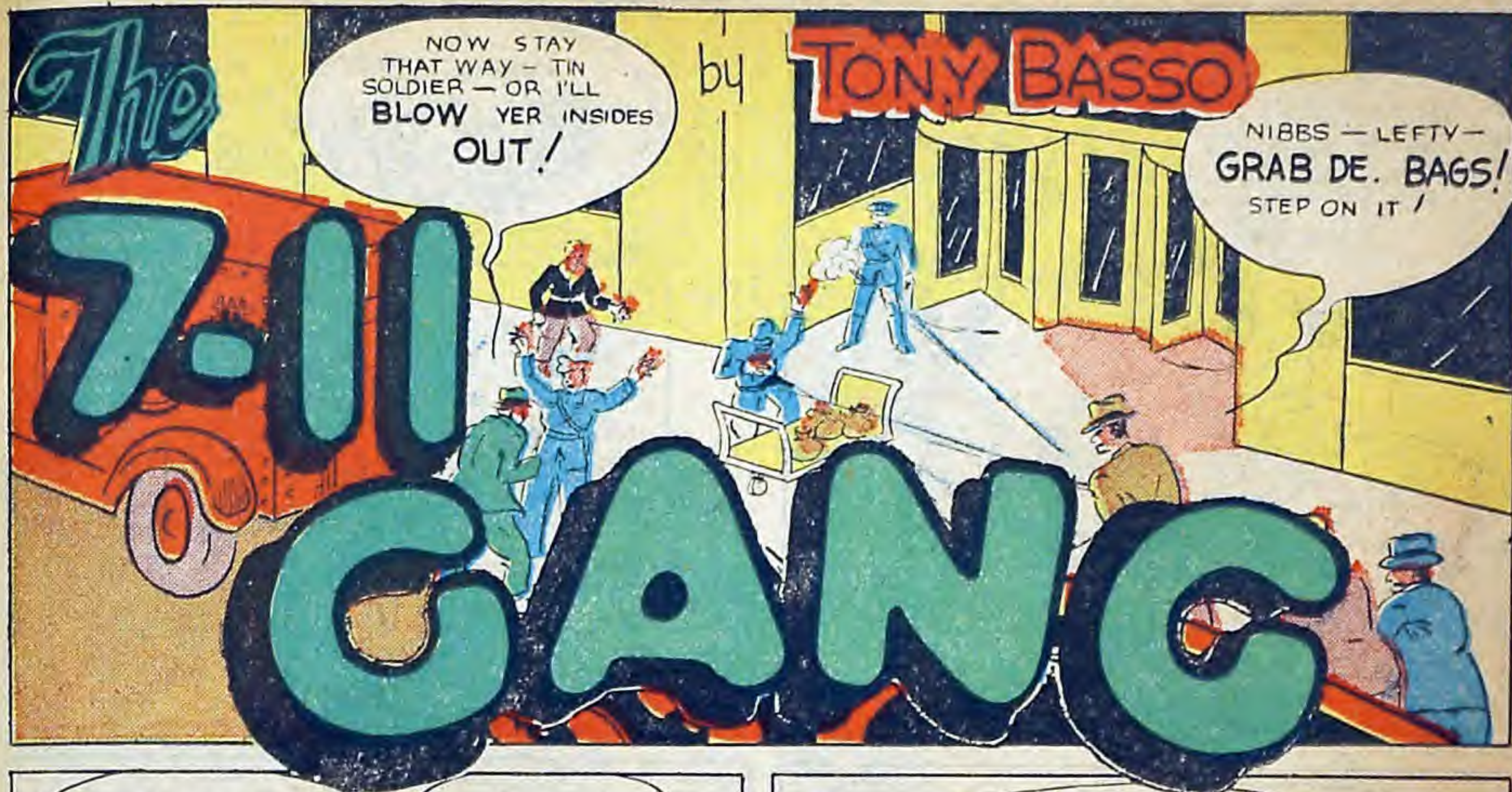
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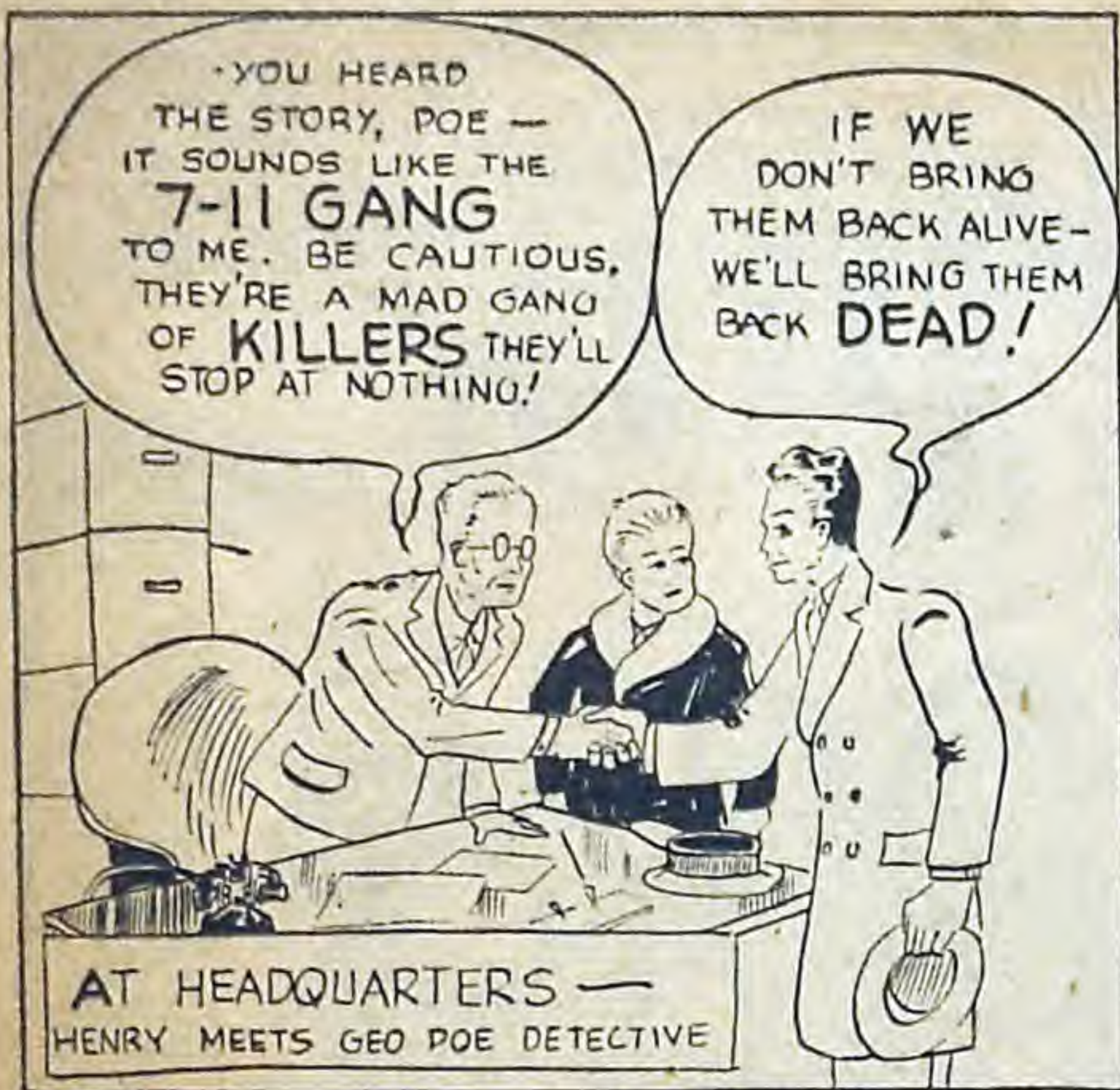
THE GIRL LOVED BARTON - ENOUGH,
TO PUT ON THAT DEAF AND BLIND
ACT! BARTON WAS DESTROYING THE
DOPE EVIDENCE WHEN WE CAME IN SO
THE GIRL STALLED UNTIL HE HAD
FINISHED! BUT - HE FORGOT THE 'CAM-
ERA' THAT MIGGS GRABBED IN THE
STRUGGLE!

WELL - I'LL BE
GLAD TO 'HELP'
YOU AGAIN -
SARGE!

37

PS







WE WERE RIGHT.
IT'S THE **7-11 GANG**
WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN
TO THE **LOCAL POLICE HEAD-
QUARTERS** BUT WE GOT TO
TAKE IT SLOW TIL WE GET OUT
OF THEIR SIGHT- THEN YOU'LL
SEE SOME **ACTION** AND **PLENTY**
OF IT- WE'LL TRAP THEM
LIKE THE RATS THAT
THEY ARE!

THERE'S ONE
WATCHING US
FROM THE WINDOW!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS
IN NORTHPINE.

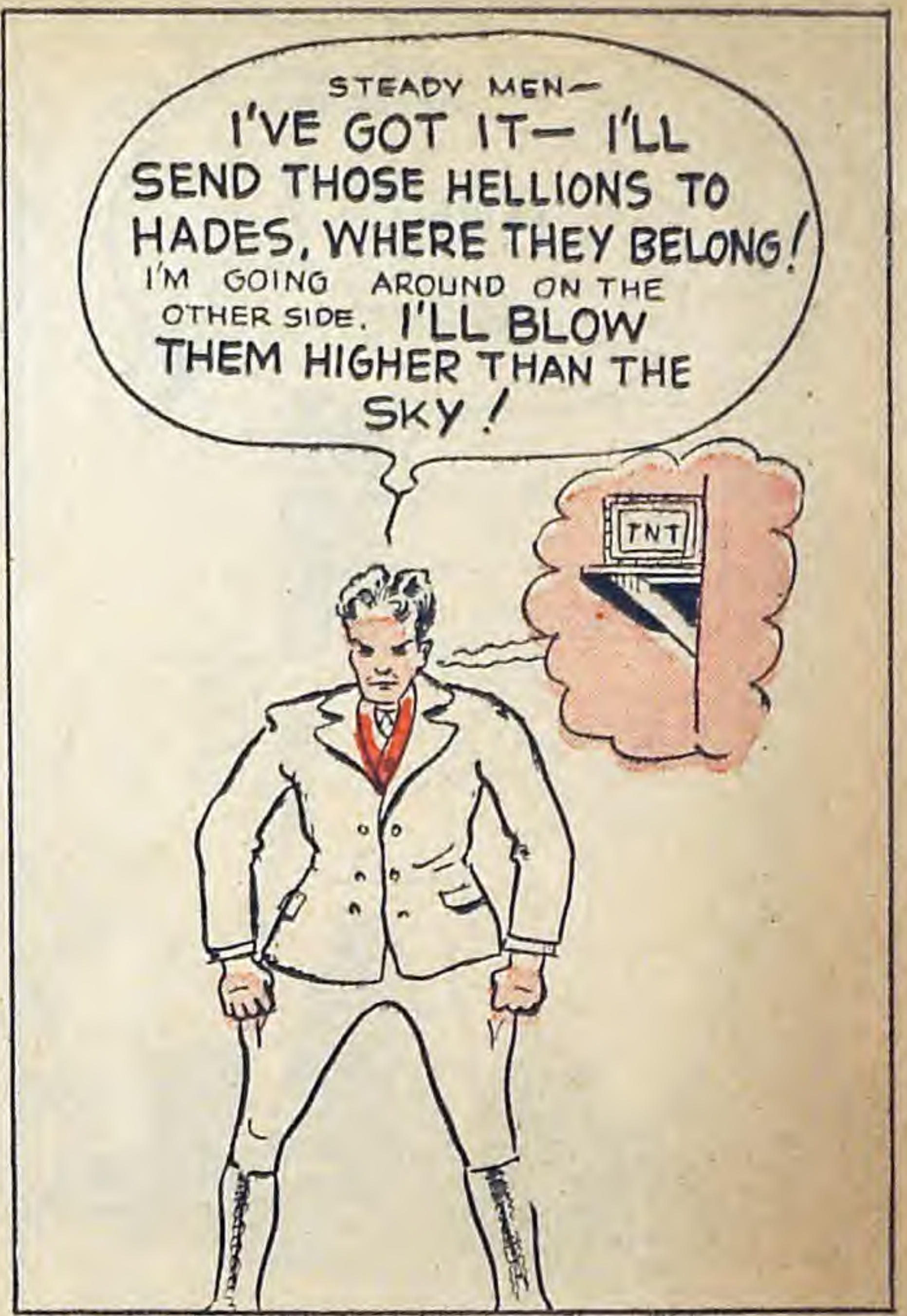
WE CANNOT
AFFORD TO CHANCE
THEIR ESCAPING. WE
NEED ABOUT TWENTY
MEN- ALSO GUNS AND
PLENTY OF AMMUNITION
THEY'RE A RUTHLESS
BAND OF KILLERS!

RIGHT YOU
ARE- POE. I'LL GO
THE **LIMIT** TO
FURNISH YOU WITH ANY-
THING YOU NEED- THE
PEACE OF NORTHPINE
MUST BE PRESERVED
AT ANY COST!



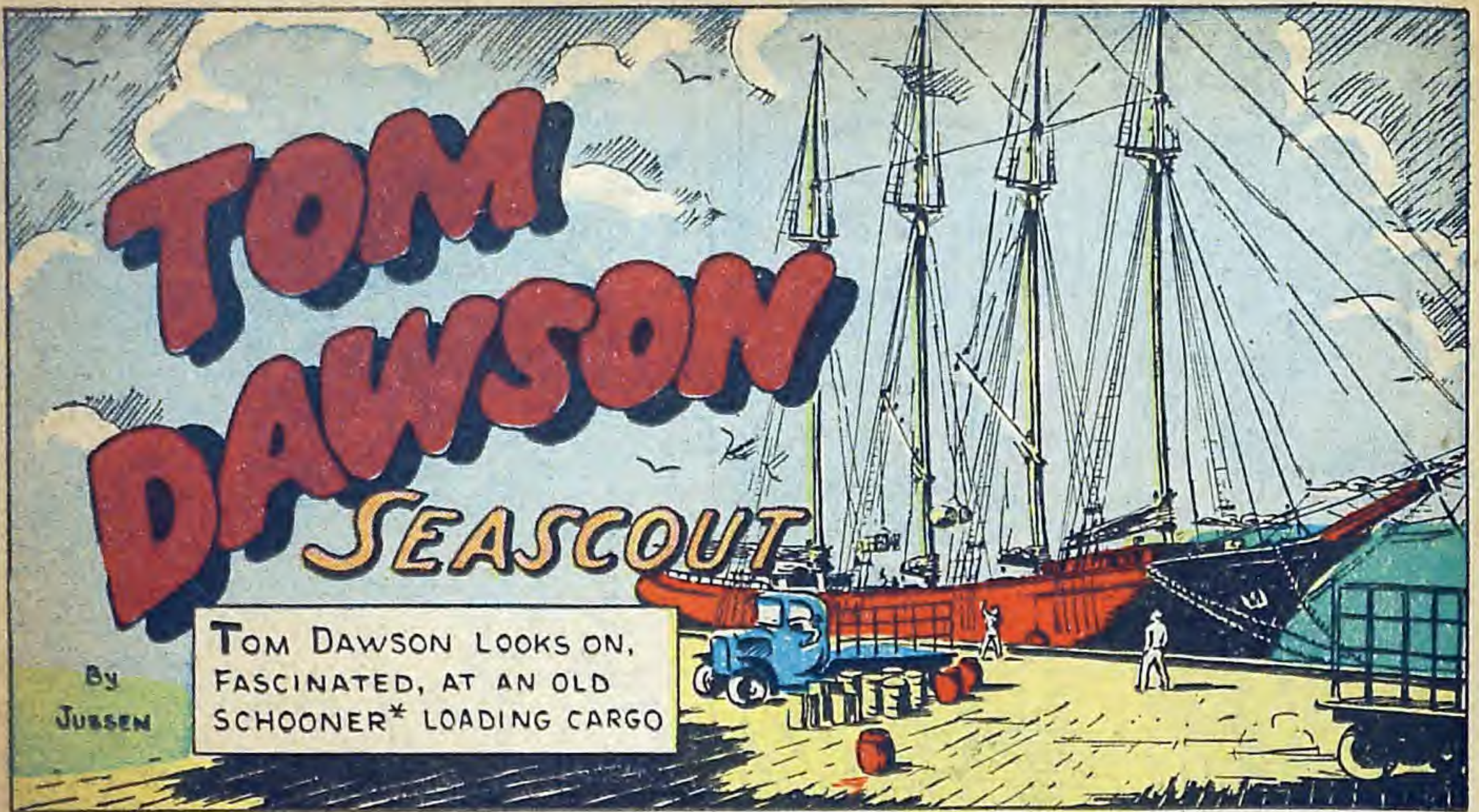
ALRIGHT MEN
THERE'S THE PLACE
WATCH YOUR STEP!
LET'S GO!











* SCHOONER - A SCHOONER IS A FORE-AND-AFT RIGGED VESSEL. TWO, THREE, AND FOUR MASTED SCHOONERS ARE QUITE COMMON, ALTHOUGH FIVE, AND EVEN SIX-MASTERS HAVE BEEN BUILT. THE 'THOMAS W. LAWSON', WRECKED A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO, WAS A HUGH VESSEL STEPPING SEVEN MASTS. THEY ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN NAMED AFTER THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

* 'KEEP YOUR WEATHER EYE LIFTING' MEANS TO KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT.

* OLD MAN A FAMILIAR TITLE FOR THE MASTER OF A VESSEL. (NOT USED WITHIN EAR-SHOT OF HIM, HOWEVER)



*'FARMERS' -- A TERM OF DERISION, IMPLYING INCOMPETENCE, SINCE A FARMER IS SUPPOSEDLY DEVOID OF ANY KNOWLEDGE OF NAUTICAL AFFAIRS.

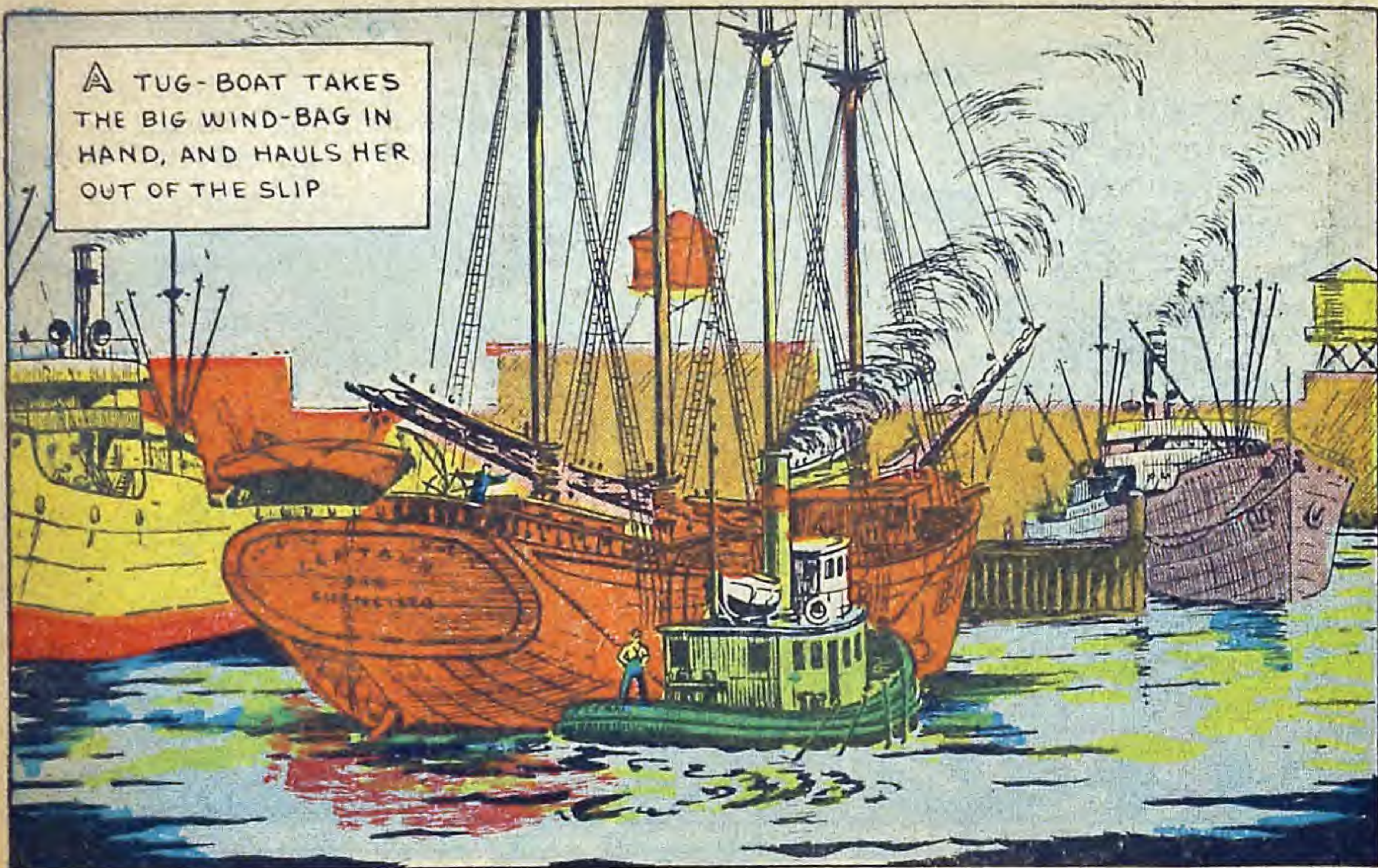
* HOW CARGO IS STOWED -- THE PROPER 'STOWAGE,' OR PLACING, OF CARGO DEMANDS A HIGH DEGREE OF SKILL. CONSIDERATION MUST BE GIVEN THE NATURE OF THE CARGO TO INSURE ITS SAFE DELIVERY. IF BADLY STOWED, IT WILL SHIFT, IN A SEAWAY, AND ENDANGER THE VESSEL ITSELF.

* 'FULL UP' -- ALL THE CARGO IS ABOARD.

* MISTER -- A MATE, OR OFFICER.

* 'STAND BY FORE AND AFT' -- THE TERM, AS APPLIED HERE, MEANS TO TAKE STATIONS AT FORWARD AND AFTER PARTS OF VESSEL, IN PREPARATION TO LEAVE THE WHARF.

A TUG-BOAT TAKES
THE BIG WIND-BAG IN
HAND, AND HAULS HER
OUT OF THE SLIP



WHILE, - IN THE BLACKNESS
OF THE HOLD - -

MAYBE WE CAN FIND A BOARD
TO POUND ON THE HATCH WITH,
AND ATTRACT THEIR
ATTENTION! - - LUCKY
I'VE GOT THESE MATCHES -

HEY!



YOU FOOL!

- DO YA WANT T'
BLOW US UP?!!

-WHAT-
!-



I SEE IT ALL, NOW! -
- THERE'S GUNPOWDER DOWN HERE!
- AND THAT BROKEN CASE... RIFLES!
- YOU'RE CARRYING CONTRABAND!
- THAT'S WHY THE CAPTAIN SUDDENLY
BECAME SO FRIENDLY! - - HE WAS
AFRAID I'D SEEN TOO MUCH, SO
HE LAID THIS TRAP!

WELL, KID, - -
NOW THAT YA KNOW, WHAT'RE
Y' GOIN' T' DO ABOUT IT? - -
- MY ADVICE IS T' LAY LOW, AN'
FERGIT EVERYTHING YOU'VE SEEN,
IF YOU VALUE YER HIDE!
- Y' SEE, - THIS SKIPPER
AIN'T EXACTLY
NO ANGEL!







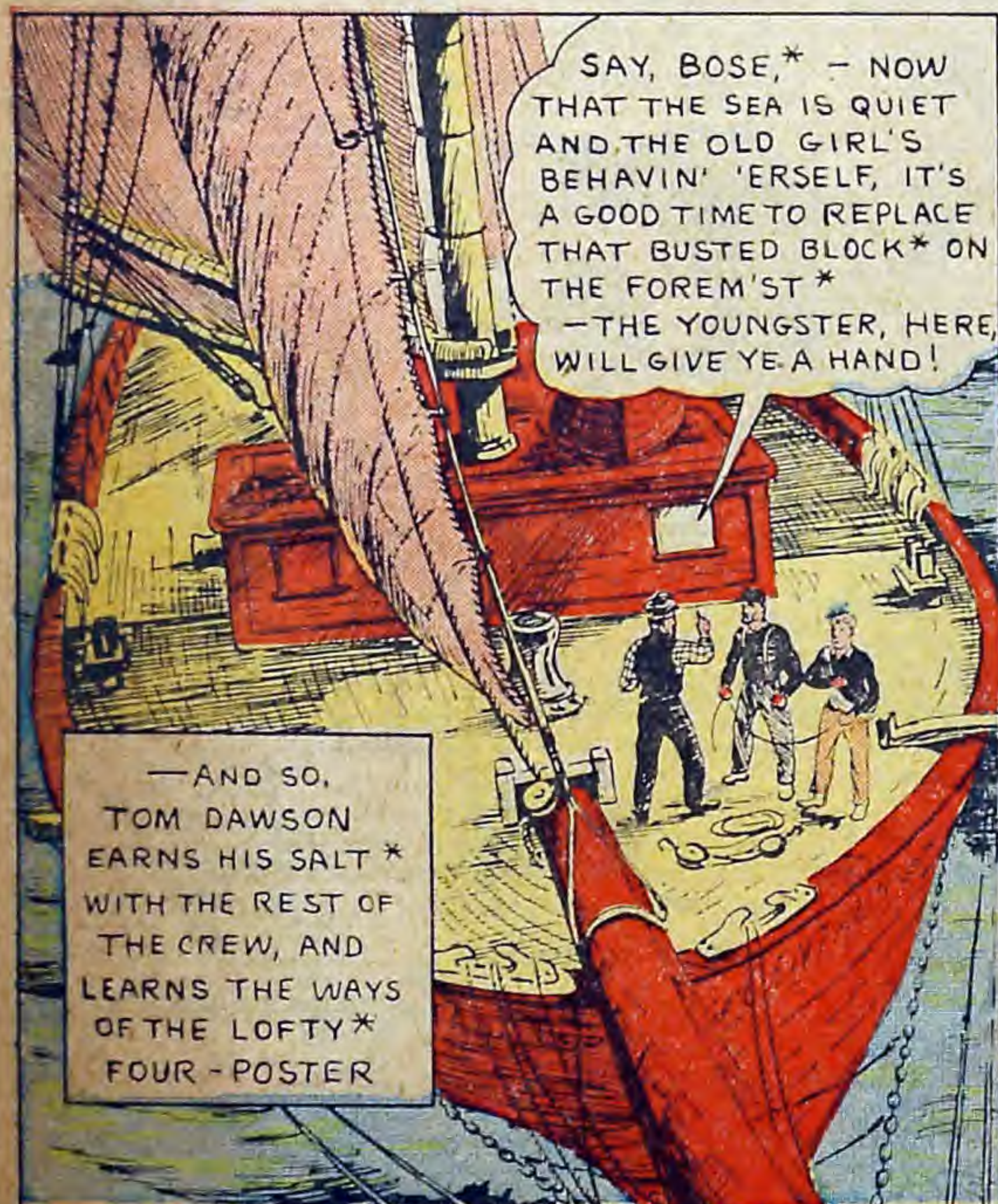
TOM,
CONFINED
IN THE
SAIL-LOCKER,
MAKES A
DECISION

I GUESS I'D BETTER
PLAY THEIR GAME,
AND SEE WHAT
TURNS UP



WELL, - HAVE YE COME TO YER
SENSES YET? - YE GET ORDINARY
SEAMAN'S WAGES AN' A SHARE IN
THE PROFITS, IF YE'RE SMART -
- AND IF YE'RE NOT, WA-AL--

ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN,
- YOU WIN!



SAY, BOSE,* - NOW
THAT THE SEA IS QUIET
AND THE OLD GIRL'S
BEHAVIN' 'ERSELF, IT'S
A GOOD TIME TO REPLACE
THAT BUSTED BLOCK* ON
THE FOREM'ST*
- THE YOUNGSTER, HERE,
WILL GIVE YE A HAND!

- AND SO,
TOM DAWSON
EARNS HIS SALT*
WITH THE REST OF
THE CREW, AND
LEARNS THE WAYS
OF THE LOFTY*
FOUR-POSTER



A STEAMER! - CAN'T MAKE HER
OUT AGAINST THIS BRIGHT SUN!
- THE SUN! - AND THIS STEEL
MARLINSPIKE*! - I-WONDER -

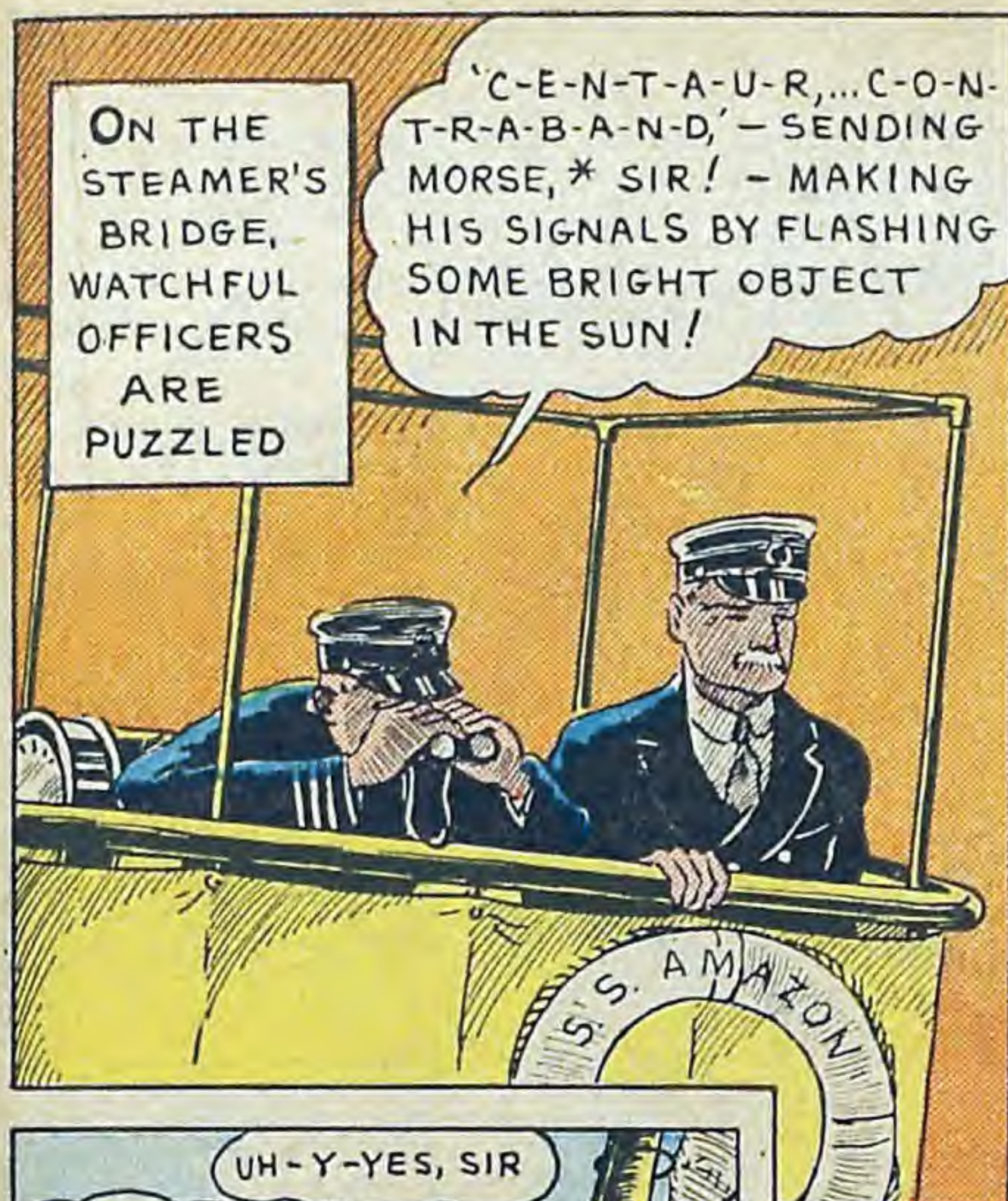
P.5

* 'EARNS HIS SALT' - EARNS HIS
FOOD AND MONEY

* LOFTY - TALL

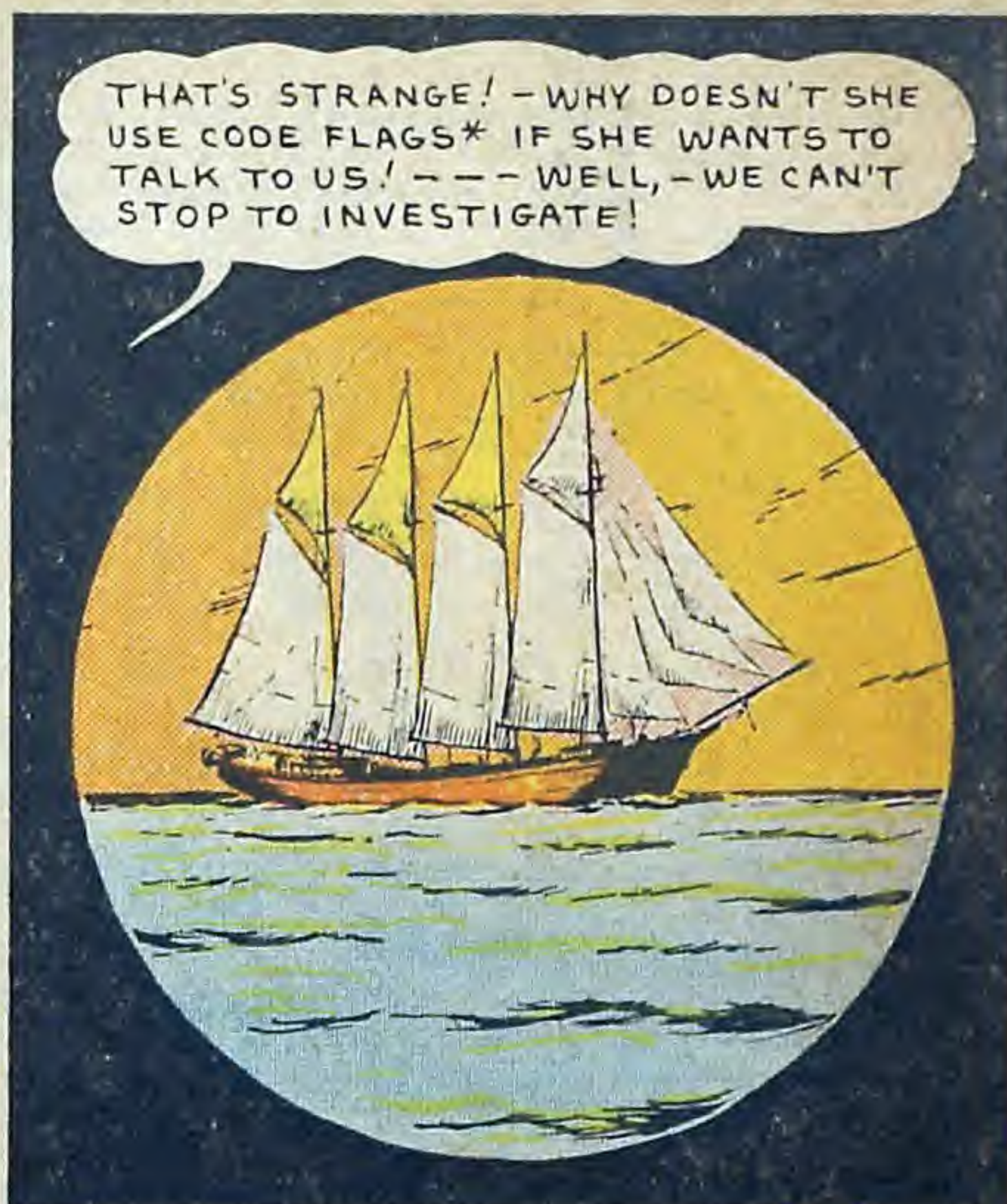
* 'BOSE' - THE BOATSWAIN - A PETTY
OFFICER DIRECTLY OVER THE CREW

* BLOCK - A PULLEY
* FOREMAST - MAST FARTHEST FORWARD
* MARLINSPIKE - A TAPERED TOOL
OF HARD STEEL FOR PRYING APART
STRANDS OF WIRE ROPE IN SPLICING



ON THE STEAMER'S BRIDGE, WATCHFUL OFFICERS ARE PUZZLED

'C-E-N-T-A-U-R,...C-O-N-T-R-A-B-A-N-D,' - SENDING MORSE, * SIR! - MAKING HIS SIGNALS BY FLASHING SOME BRIGHT OBJECT IN THE SUN!



THAT'S STRANGE! - WHY DOESN'T SHE USE CODE FLAGS* IF SHE WANTS TO TALK TO US! - -- WELL, - WE CAN'T STOP TO INVESTIGATE!



UH-Y-YES, SIR

WELL, KID, -AIR YE GOIN' T' LOAF UP THAR ALL DAY? - QUIT PLAYIN' WITH THET SPIKE, AN' LAY BELOW*!



HAVE A GOOD TRIP, CAPTAIN?

FINE TRIP, COMMANDER! - COME ABOARD, WONT YOU, - AFTER WE'VE ANCHORED!

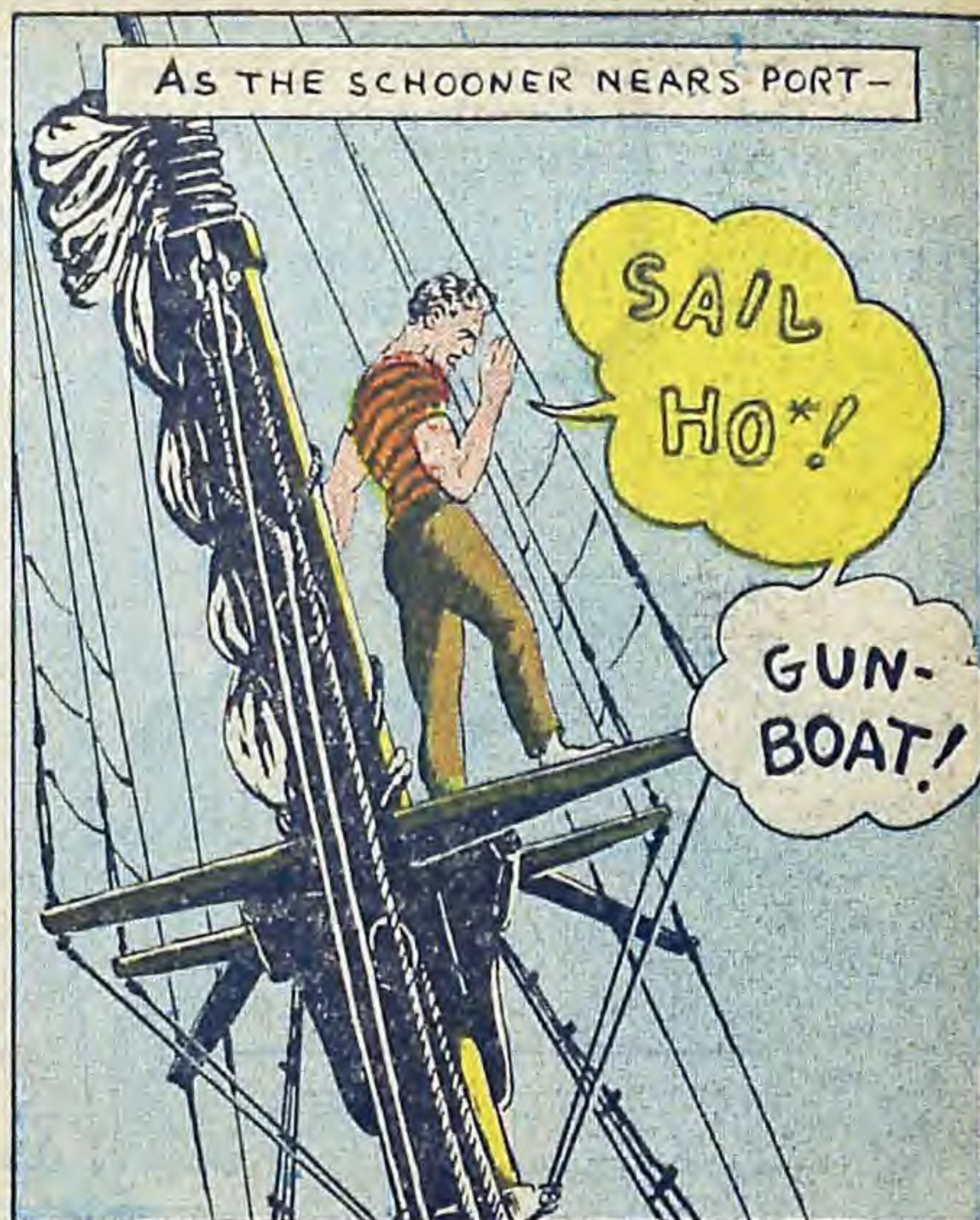
THE STEAMER ENTERS HER PORT OF DESTINATION IN SOUTH AMERICA AND SPEAKS* A U.S. NAVAL VESSEL

* MORSE - A CODE

* CODE FLAGS - THE OFFICER REFERS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM, BY WHICH A SHIP OF ONE NATIONALITY MAY EXCHANGE SIGNALS WITH A SHIP OF ANOTHER. THIS SYSTEM IS USED WHEN THE VESSELS ARE FAR APART.

* 'LAY BELOW' - DESCEND TO THE DECK.

* SPEAKS - TO 'SPEAK' A VESSEL IS TO APPROACH HER NEAR ENOUGH SO THAT VERBAL CONVERSATION MAY BE EXCHANGED (THROUGH A MEGAPHONE, IF THERE BE MUCH WIND).



* 'SAIL HO!' - THE CRY REFERS TO ANY VESSEL, NOT NECESSARILY A SAILING CRAFT.

* 'UP WITH THE HELM' - TO TURN THE STEERING WHEEL SO THAT THE VESSEL'S BOW WILL LIE FARTHER FROM THE WIND.

* RUN - TO SAIL BEFORE THE WIND, SO AS TO MAKE GREATER SPEED.



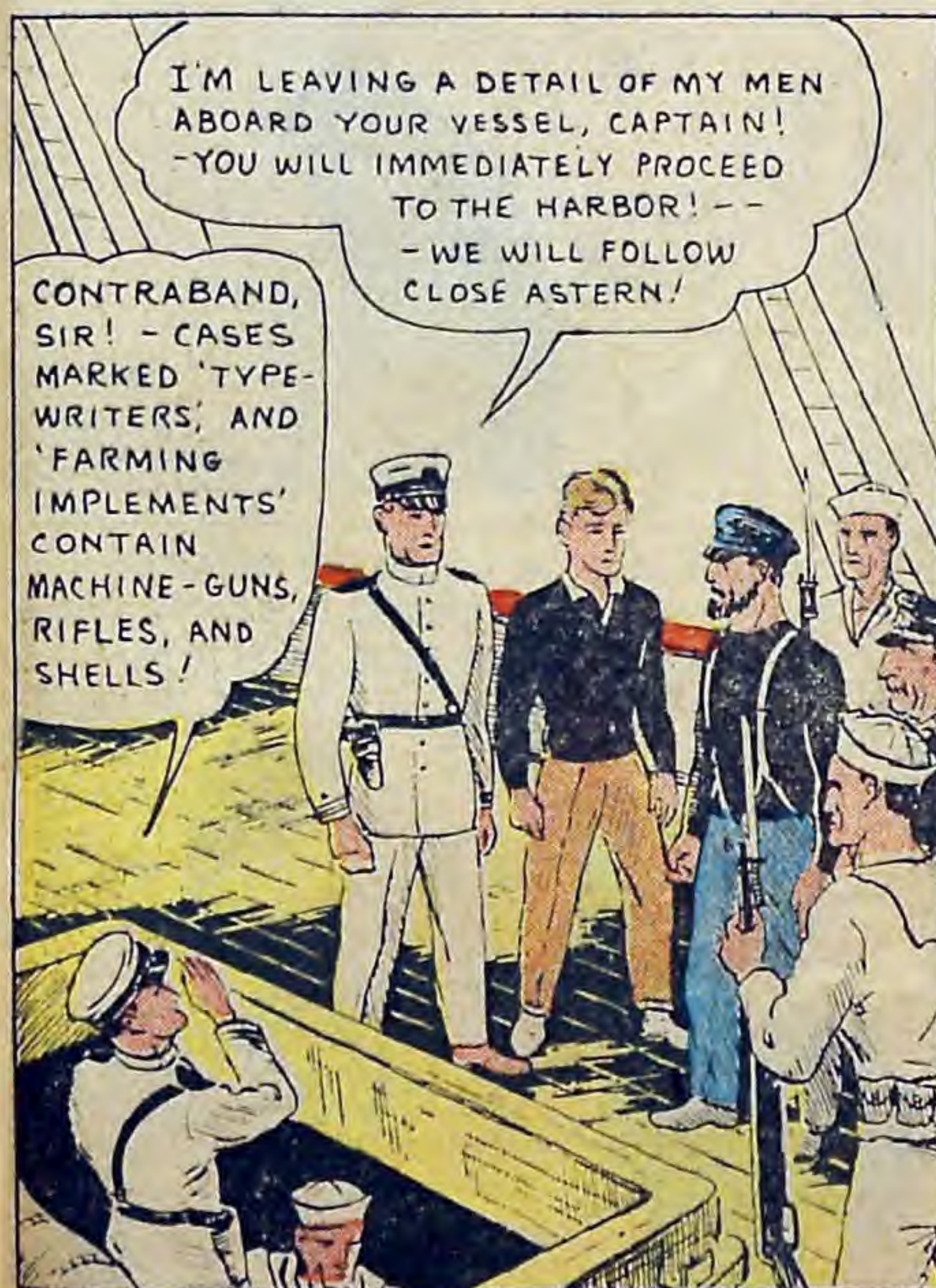
TOM TAKES
TO THE
RIGGING *

- DON'T SHOOT,
CAP'N! - THAT GUN-
BOAT'S WATCHIN' US!
- SHE'LL BLOW US OUT
O' THE WATER, IF WE
DON'T HEAVE TO *!



WELL, -THE
JIG'S UP!

THE NAVAL VESSEL
SENDS OFF A LAUNCH
WITH AN ARMED DETAIL



I'M LEAVING A DETAIL OF MY MEN
ABOARD YOUR VESSEL, CAPTAIN!
- YOU WILL IMMEDIATELY PROCEED
TO THE HARBOR! --
- WE WILL FOLLOW
CLOSE ASTERN!

CONTRABAND,
SIR! - CASES
MARKED 'TYPE-
WRITERS', AND
'FARMING
IMPLEMENTS'
CONTAIN
MACHINE-GUNS,
RIFLES, AND
SHELLS!



CONGRATULATIONS,
YOUNG MAN! - SO YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO SIGNALLED
THE STEAMSHIP!
- BUT, - TELL ME, --
- HOW DID YOU
COME TO KNOW THE
MORSE * CODE?

THAT'S ONE OF
THE THINGS I
LEARNED IN
SEASCOUTING,
SIR!

WELL I'LL
BE BLOWED!
- SO THAT'S WHAT
YOU WAS DOIN'
WITH THET
MARLINSPIKE!

- AND SO, THANKS TO SEASCOUT
TOM DAWSON, THE CAPTAIN'S
GUN-RUNNING CAREER IS ENDED

* RIGGING - THE ROPES AND GEAR SUPPORTING THE MASTS.
* 'HEAVE TO' - STOP THE VESSEL'S HEADWAY.



THE YELLOW TERROR

A COMPLETE STORY OF ADVENTURE ON A FOREIGN SHORE

by
CLAIRE S. MOE

GOOD BYE DR. FROZ. ONE DAY, I HOPE TO SEE YOU IN AMERICA, TOO



CHINA WILL BE MY PERMANENT HOME. WITH YOUR FORMULA WORTH A MILLION, DR. EDDY, AMERICA IS THE ONLY PLACE

MRS. EDDY, I SHALL, INDEED MISS YOUR GREAT INVENTOR HUSBAND - IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE TO WORK WITH HIM IN THIS LABORATORY

THANK YOU DR. FROZ - GOOD-BYE



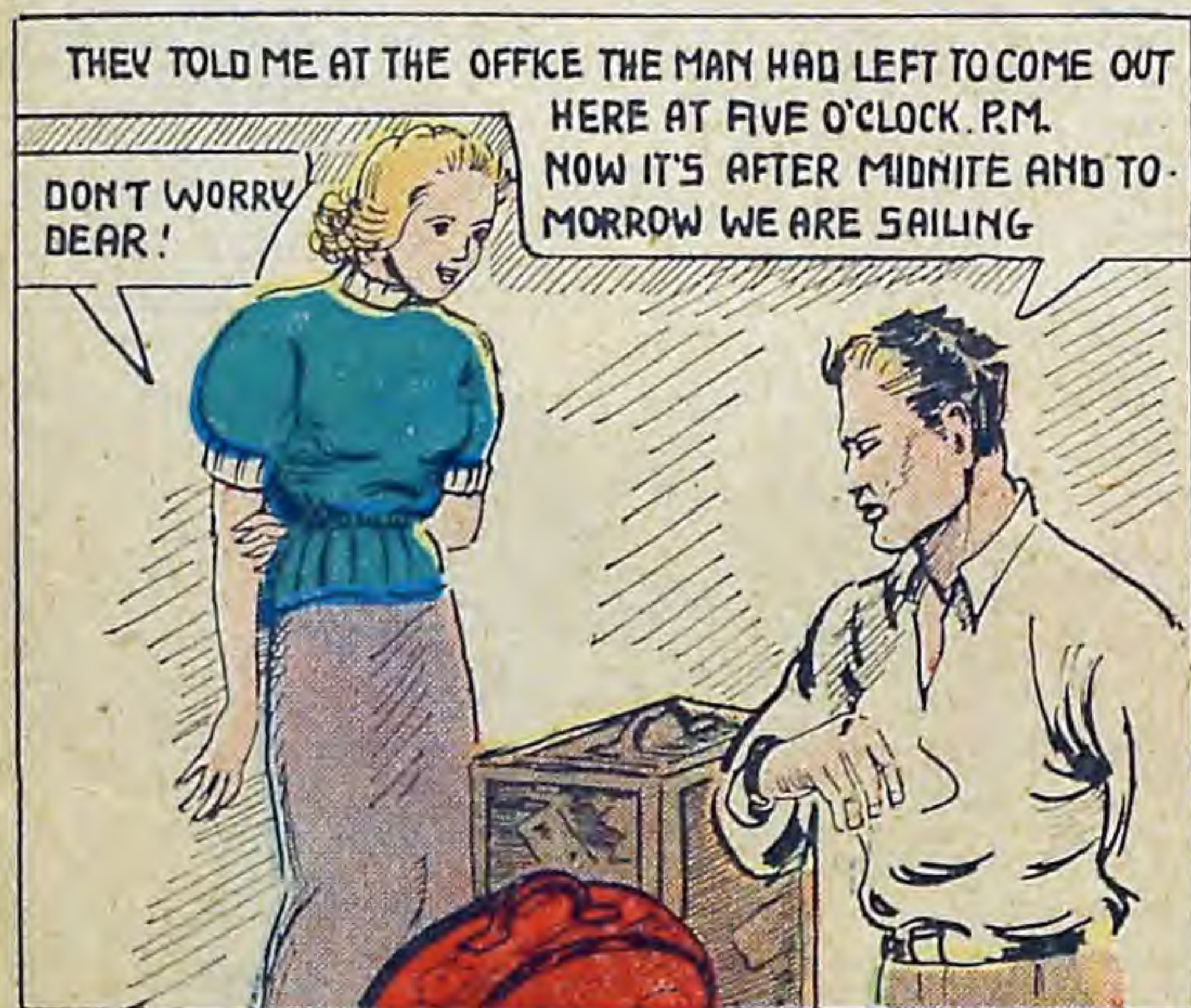
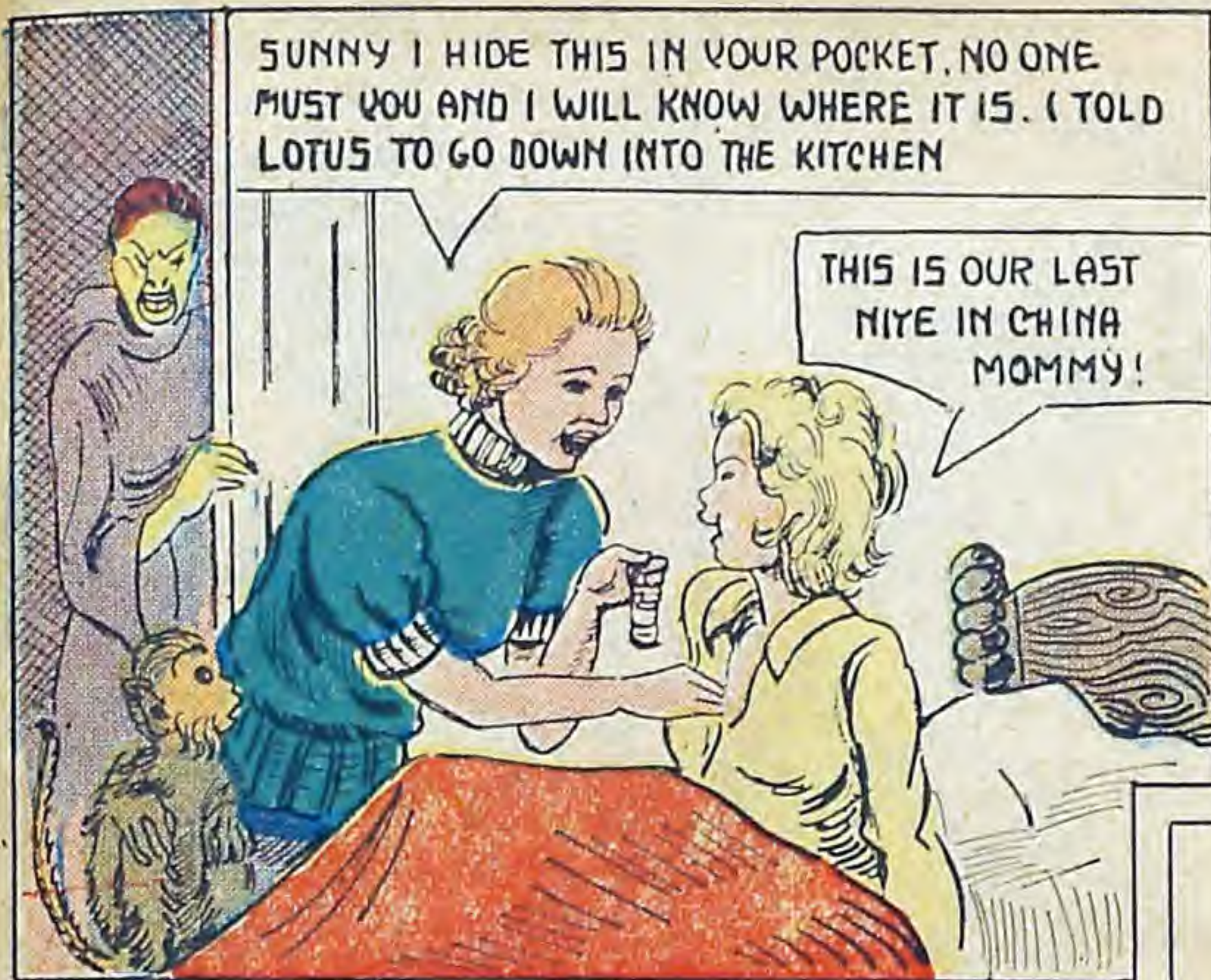
NOW LET'S HURRY HOME. I HOPE THE AGENT HAS ARRIVED / DON'T LIKE MULA AROUND IT'S SOLD

WITH THE MONEY - TO CARRY THIS FOR - WITH ME SINCE



STRANGE THE U.S. AGENT HASN'T BEEN HERE. TAKE CARE OF THIS PAPER WHILE I RUSH ONCE MORE DOWN TO THE FOREIGN OFFICE, HE MIGHT STILL BE THERE



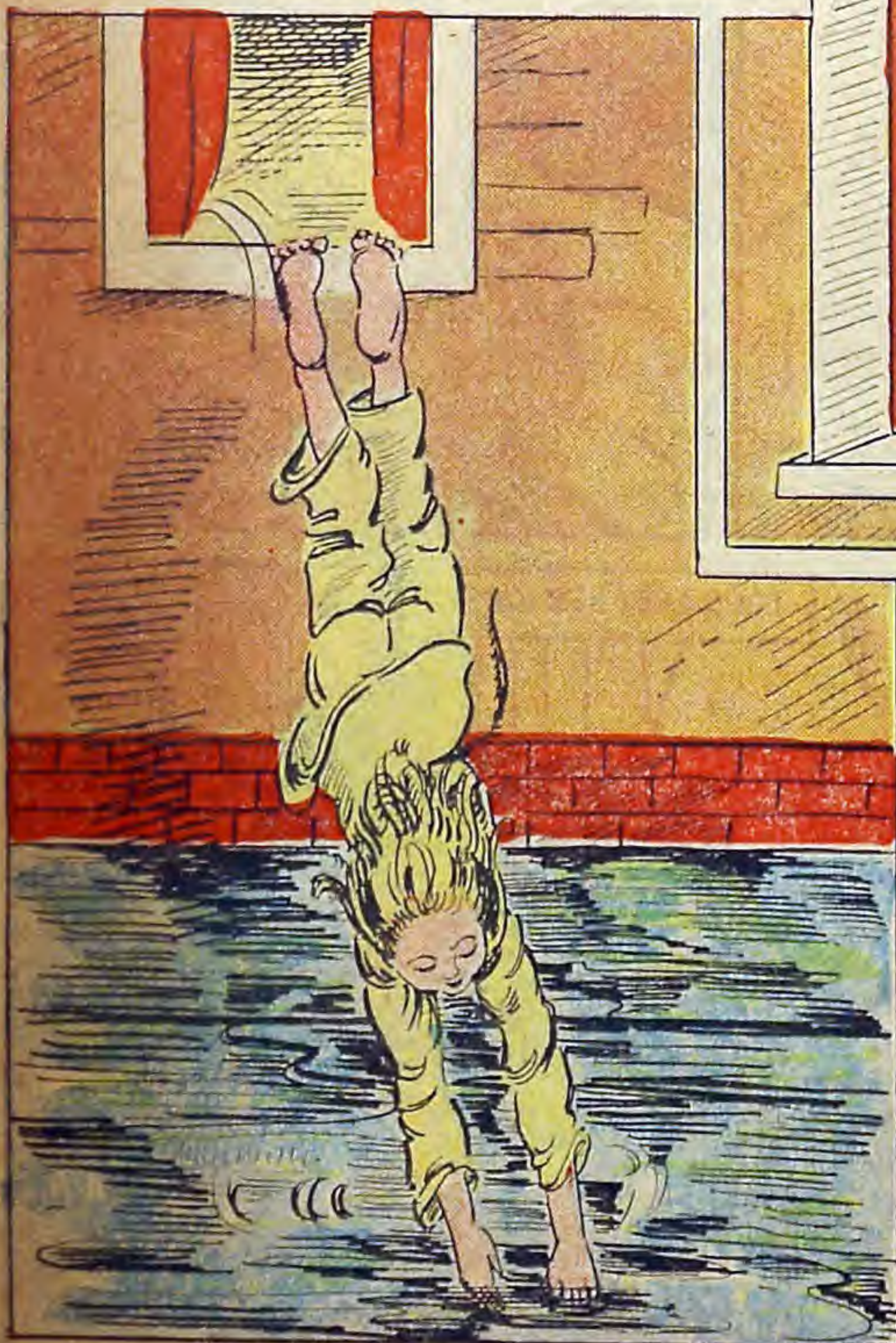




I NO MORE NEED
HELP- MONK
KILL ME- GET
HER QUICK- SHE
GOT FOR-



I TELL CHIEF SHE KILL
LOTUS AND I KILL
WHITE GIRL. CHIEF
MUST NOT KNOW MONK
STAB LOTUS- CHIEF
SAY ME NO GOOD
FIGHTER



HE THINKS THAT I'M DEAD-
WHEN HE GOES I'LL SWIM
TO THE LANDING



GEE! I WONDER WHO THAT UGLY MAN WAS UP IN MY ROOM?



I CAME FROM AMERICA WITH A BAG OF GOLD
PART PAYMENT FOR DR. EDDY'S INVENTION.
I HAVE BEEN ROBBED, TOSSED IN THIS
BOAT, I MUST HAVE FAINTED



WHO ARE
YOU?

DADDY WAITED ALL DAY FOR YOU
QUICK, I'LL UNTIE YOU.
WISH I HAD A KNIFE!



DODO! - LOOK HE'S
GOT LOTUS'S KNIFE



HURRY, I'M
WORRIED ABOUT
MOMMY AND DADDY



SUNNY, WE NEED HELP TO GET INTO YOUR HOUSE. THERE ARE TOO MANY!

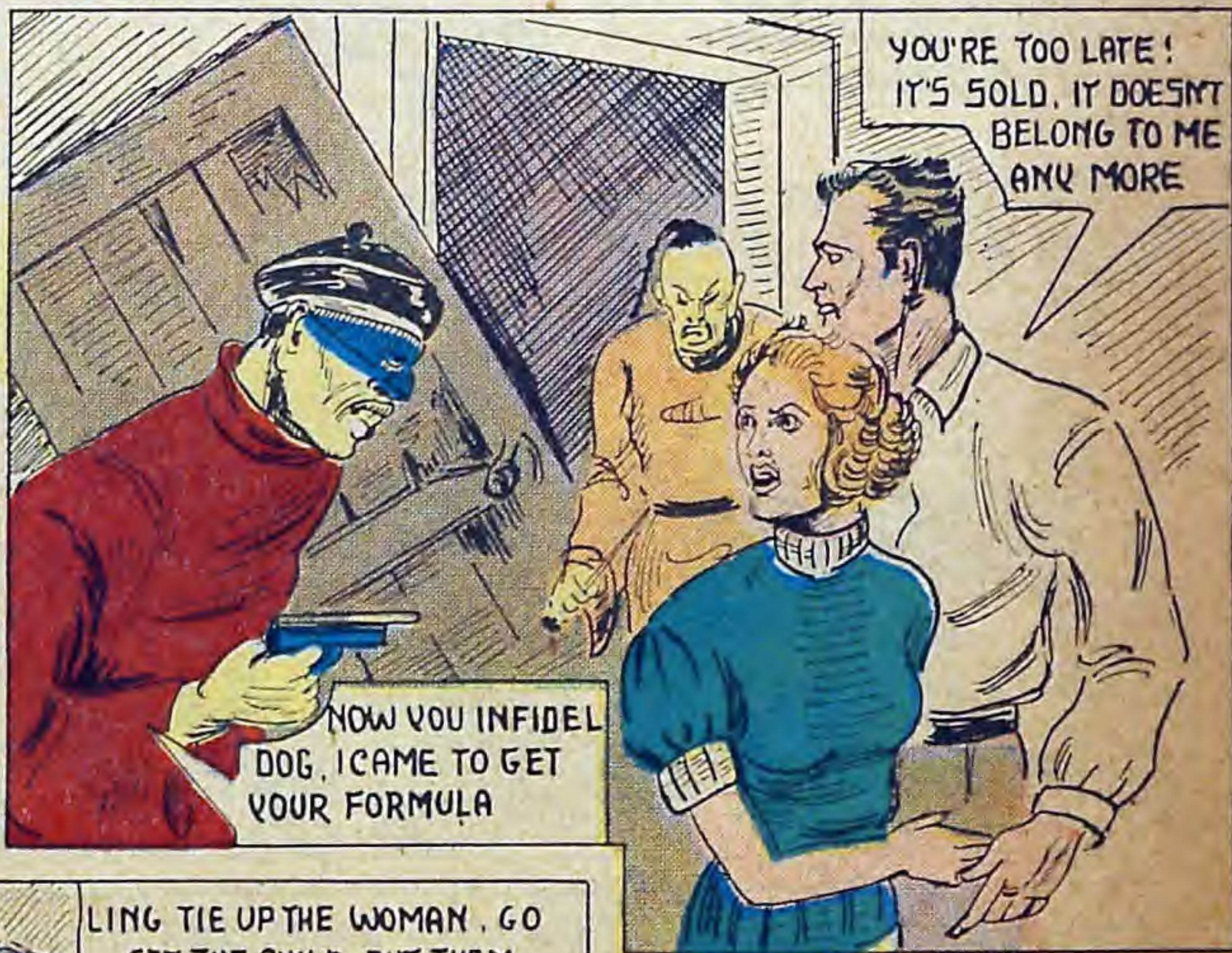


THEY MIGHT KIDNAP MOMMY AND DADDY, YOU STAY AND WATCH. I'LL SWIM ACROSS THE RIVER FOR HELP. THE BOAT MAKES TOO MUCH NOISE!



IMPOSSIBLE! THE RIVER IS A MILE ACROSS.

MEANWHILE THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS INSIDE SUNNY'S HOME



NOW YOU INFIDEL DOG, I CAME TO GET YOUR FORMULA

YOU'RE TOO LATE! IT'S SOLD, IT DOESN'T BELONG TO ME ANY MORE

YOU LIE! YOU'RE STILL IN POSSESSION OF IT. I KNOW.

LING TIE UP THE WOMAN. GO GET THE CHILD PUT THEM THROUGH A LITTLE TORTURE, IT WILL MAKE THE DOCTOR TALK.



PLEASE DON'T HURT SUNNY! I'LL GET THE FORMULA



GO GET IT FOR HIM DEAR, IT'S BETTER SO
UNTIE ME. I HID IT UPSTAIRS WITH SUNNY

ALLRIGHT LET HER GO!
I'LL KEEP HIM COVERED



WAIT! SHE LYING!

SHE KNOW UELY WELL CHID DEAD, I THROW INYO
RIVER 'CAUSE WOMAN KILL LOTUS

SUNNY DEAD!



AND I ALMOST BELIEVED HER.
CLEVER TRICK MRS. EDDY.
REMOVE HER



WELL, WELL DOCTOR YOU'RE
RATHER ROUGH WITH THE BOYS
I DIDNT THINK YOU HAD IT IN
YOU

WHITE WOMAN TRINK
PLENTY WATER



BOYS GET THE DOCTOR READY, WE'LL
MAKE HIM TALK!



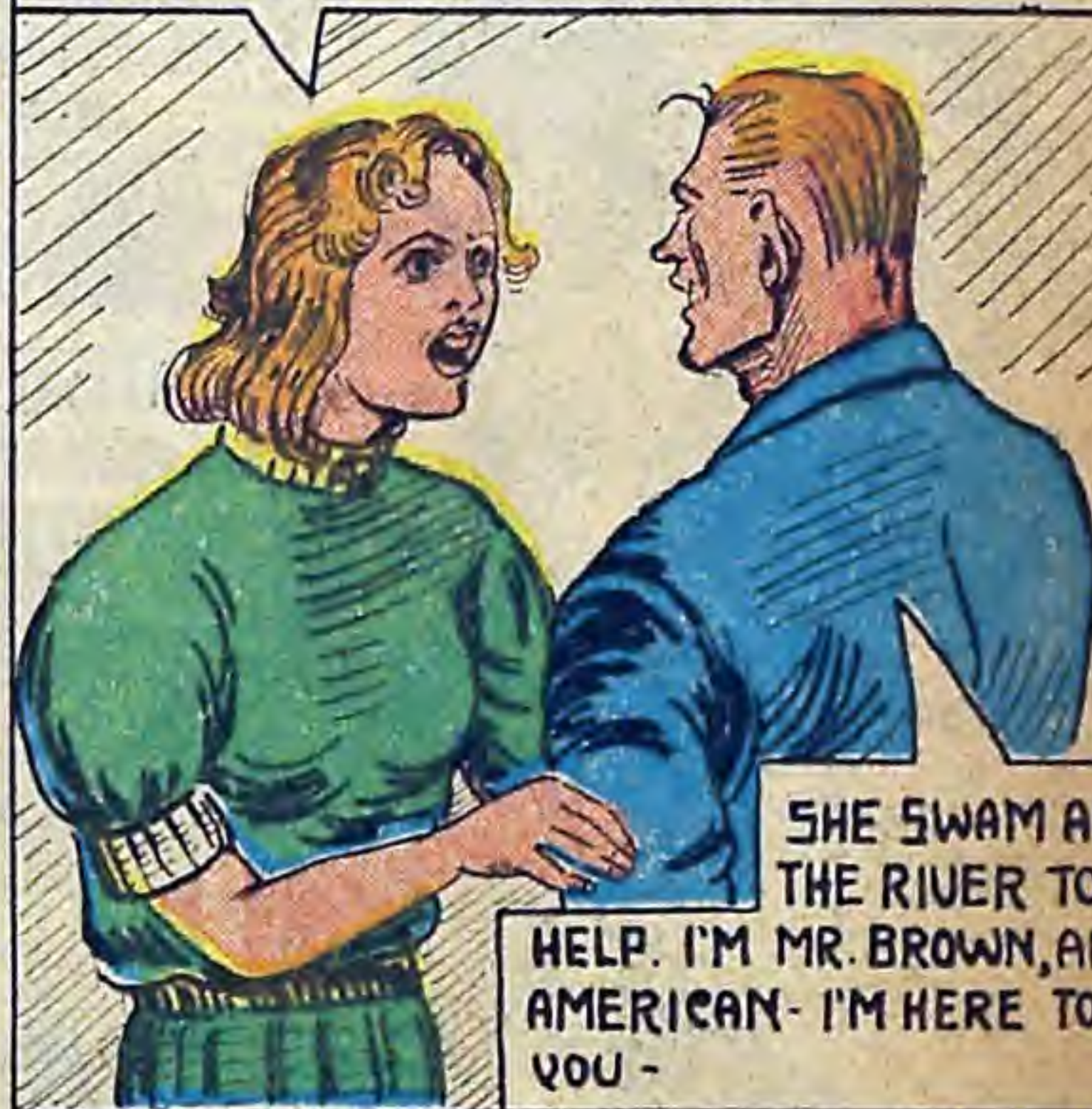
MUST BE SUNNY'S MOTHER!

HOLD ON MRS. EDDY, ARE YOU HURT? I'LL HELP
YOU

WHO ARE YOU?



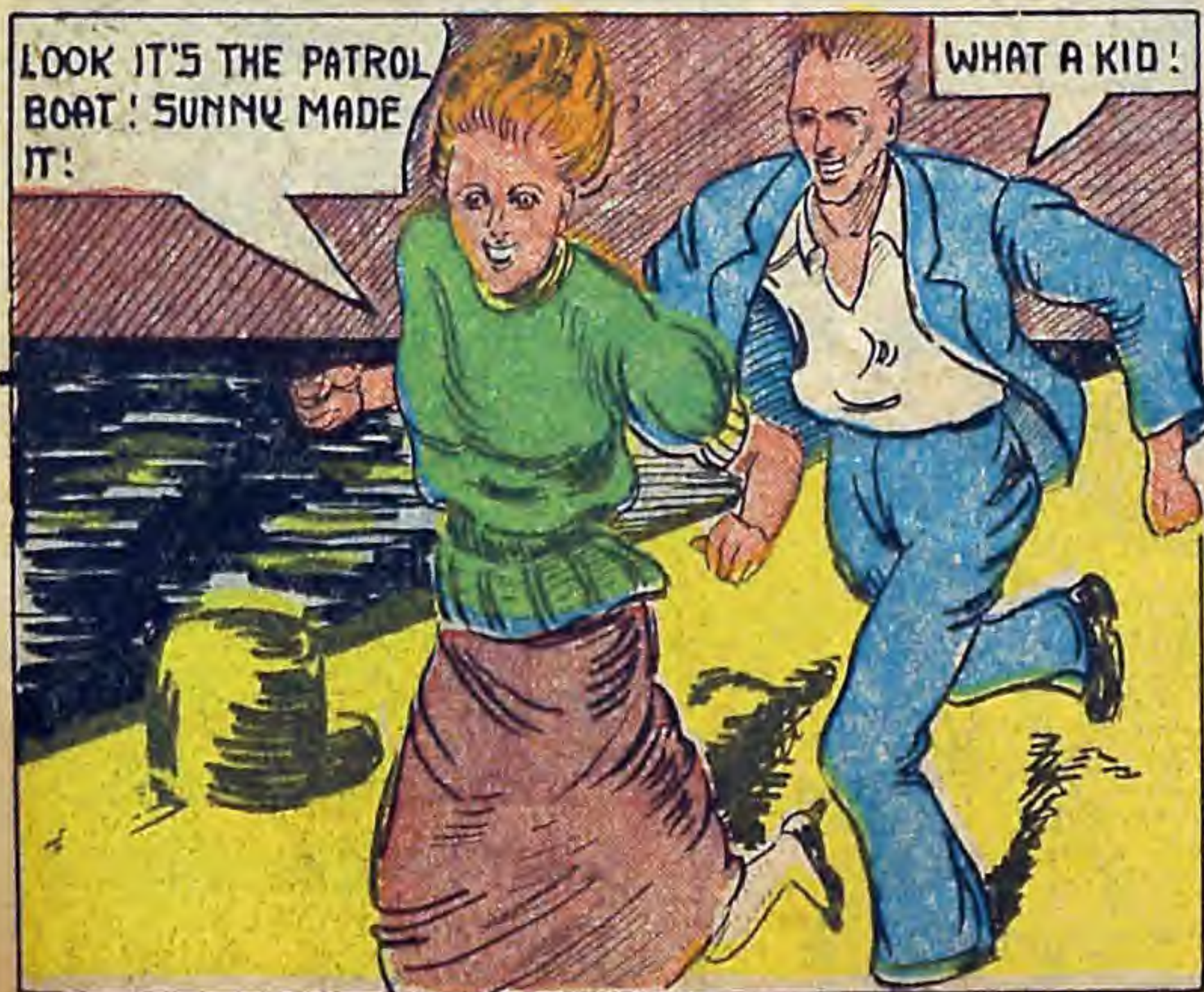
YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU SPOKE TO SUNNY AND
SHE IS ALIVE - WHERE IS SHE?



SHE SWAM ACROSS
THE RIVER TO GET
HELP. I'M MR. BROWN, AN
AMERICAN - I'M HERE TO HELP
YOU -

LOOK IT'S THE PATROL
BOAT! SUNNY MADE
IT!

WHAT A KID!



MY MEN HAVE HOUSE ALL SURROUNDED
COME, LET'S GO

SWELL !!

SUNNY!

MOTHER!

WHILE
INSIDE
DR. EDDY
GOES THROUGH
THE MOST
CRUEL
GRILLING

JUST FIVE MORE MINUTES DOCTOR IF YOU STILL DECLINE TO WRITE
OUT YOUR FORMULA I, MYSELF,
SHALL PLUNGE THIS DAGGER
INTO YOUR HEART

I REFUSE!

BEFORE I PROCEED, I AM
DELIGHTED TO INTRODUCE
MYSELF:
DR. FROZ

NOW I KNOW! YOU DIRTY
YELLOW - * * * !!

TO SEE YOU SUFFER-AH! WHAT
A PLEASURE!!

GO TO IT-
LET ME

PUSH HARD, DON'T
DO ALL THE WORK-
YOU - - * * *

NOW THE
PLEASURE
IS ALL
MINE

SWELL JOB DOCTOR, TOO BAD I CAME TOO
LATE. COME, YOUR WIFE
AND CHILD
ARE WAIT-
ING

WHAT! CAN THIS BE
TRUE?!

ALUMINUM Boys-Earn-It STREAMLINED BICYCLE



BOYS, 12 to 16! Three hundred big prizes, including athletic equipment, movie machine, typewriter, musical instruments, printing press—and this aluminum streamlined bicycle! Bike comes fully equipped with electric horn, coaster brake, headlight, parking stand, wheel lock, etc. Low, bow-arch, streamlined frame; chromium plated; 20% lighter than most bikes. Swift, flashy, sturdy.

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Address.....

City.....State.....



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DON'T DELAY!**

Name.....*Ranger House*.....

Street Address.....

City.....

State.....

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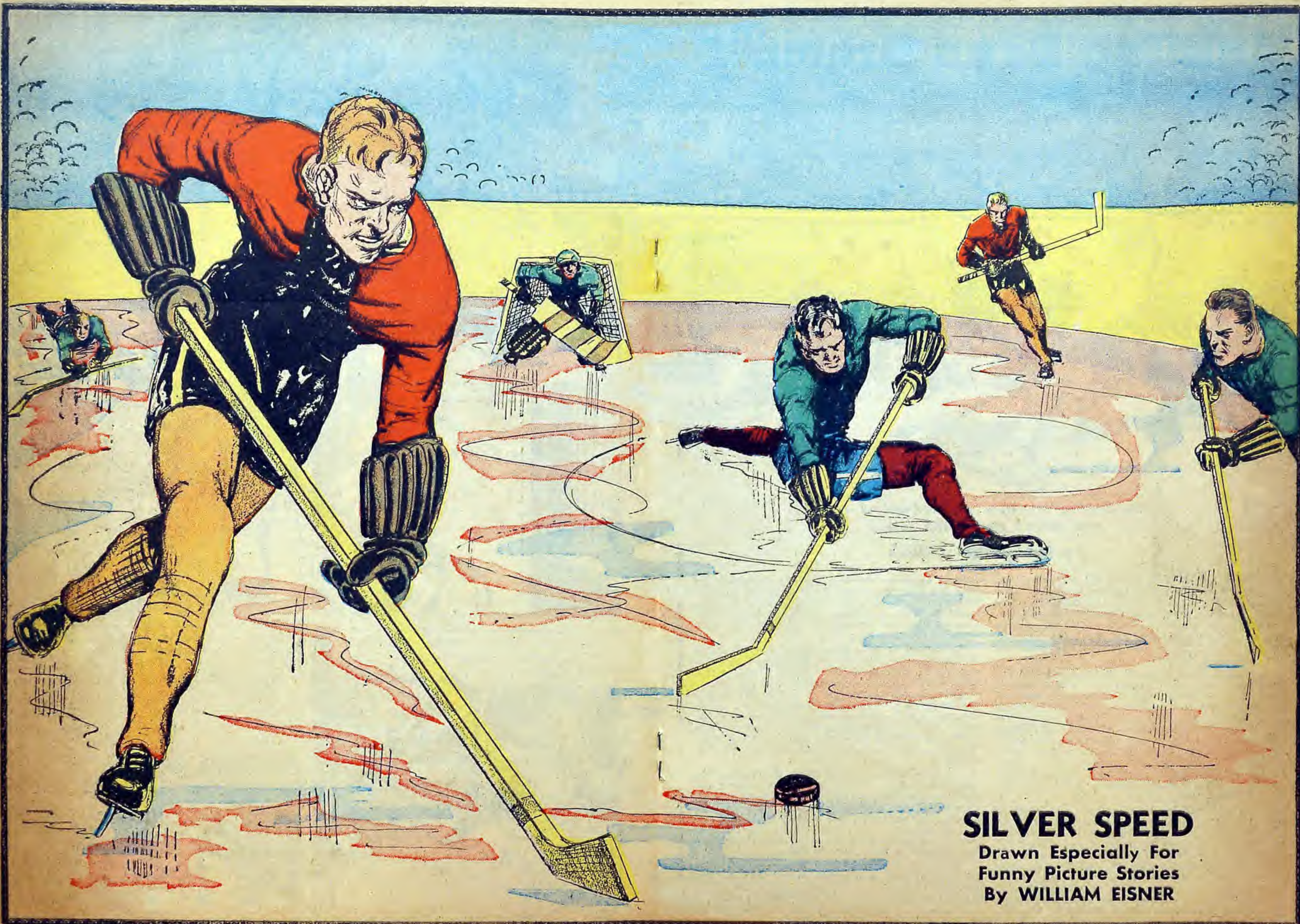
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